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The Lure of the Mask

BY HAROLD MAC GRATH

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CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

The wine came, but the joy of drinking it was gone; and they emptied the bottle perfunctorily. To Merrihew everything was out of tune now. Why, Kitty Killigrew was worth all the napoleons in or out of France. And Kitty had run away! What was the meaning of it?

"And who is this Italian, anyhow? And why did he run after the prima donna?"

"That is precisely what I wish to find out," answered Hillard. "The lady whom you call my prima donna knew him and he knew her, and she must have had mighty good reasons for running."

"I'm afraid that Kitty has fallen among a bad lot. I'll wager it is some anarchist business. They are always plotting the assassination of kings over here, and this mysterious woman is just the sort to rope in a confiding girl like Kitty. One thing, if I come across our friend with the scar—"

"You will wisely cross to the other side of the street. To find out what this tangle is, it is not necessary to jump head first into it."

"A bad lot."

"That may be, but no anarchists, my boy."

Hillard was a bit sore at heart. That phrase recurred and recurred: "A lady? Grace of Mary, that is droll!" As he turned it over it had a bitter taste. The shadow of disillusion crept into his bright dream and clouded it. To build so beautiful a castle, and to see it tumble at a word! The Italian had spoken with a contempt which was based on something more tangible than suspicion. What was she to him, or, rather, what had she been? If she was innocent of any wrong, why all this mystery? Persecution? That did not necessitate masks and veils and sudden flights. Well, he was a man; even as he watched this cloud of smoke, he would watch the dream rise and vanish into the night.

Merrihew solemnly spun his wineglass, but made no effort to refill it.

"I'm thinking hard," he said, "but I can't make out Kitty."

"No more can I. But if she ran away from me, she had a definite purpose, and some day we'll find out just what it was. I am more than half inclined to give up the chase entirely. You will see Kitty in New York again, and the whys and wherefores will be illumined. But if I keep on thinking of this masquerading lady, I shall get into a mental trouble which will not be at all agreeable. I would to heaven that she had sung under any window but mine."

"All right. Kitty doesn't wish to meet us. So we'll light out for Venice in the morning. I'm not going to be made a fool of for the best woman alive."

"There is still the Campo Formosa. If they return to Venice, and doubtless they will, for I believe they came here to replenish their purses, we'll hunt up the Campo and make inquiries. It is not anarchism. Anarchists always need money, and they wouldn't let me slip through their fingers, once having taken hold of my curiosity in this way. You may be sure it is something deeper than that. Anarchism wouldn't interest a sensible little woman like Kitty."

"You can never tell what will interest a woman," said Merrihew owlishly. "There's truth in that. But Kitty isn't romantic; she has her bump of caution."

"I agree to that. She refused me."

They both laughed quietly.

"Well, if nothing happens in Venice, we'll go to Verona, buy a pair of good saddle horses, and take the road to Florence. That will be something worth while. And it will clear this romantic fog out of our heads."

"That's the most sensible thing you've said in a long time," said Merrihew, brightening considerably. "A leg up and a couple of hundred miles of these great roads! You've hit it squarely, by George! And out of my winnings we can buy ripping hunters. The American Comic Opera Company be hanged! But I'd give half of my winnings if I knew what was at the bottom of it all. Seems as if fate were moving us around for a pastime. We have probably passed and repassed the two women a dozen times."

"And but for those cigars—"

"Will you kindly forget that?"

"If you insist upon it."

"Thanks. We came over to see Italy; let's see it. Now, I'm for turning in. A bit headachey; infernally hot in the roulette room."

In truth, all the enthusiasm was gone from Merrihew's heart. Since Kitty evinced a desire to avoid him, the world grew charmless and the fortune of Midas, cast at his feet, would not have warmed him. On the way over to the hotel, however, he whistled bravely and jingled the golden largess in his pockets. He bade good night to Hillard and sought his room. Here he emptied his pockets on the table and built a shelving house of gold. He sat down and began to count. Clink-clink! Clink-clink! What a pleasant sound it was, to be sure. It was sweeter than woman's laughter. And what symphony of Beethoven's could compare with this? Clink-clink! Three hundred and ninety, four hundred, four hundred and ten; clink-clink! And Hillard, turning restlessly on his pillow, heard this harsh music away into the small hours of the morning.

In the meantime the lamps in and about the Casino had been extinguished and the marble house of the whirligig and the terraces lay in the pale light of the moon. Only the cafes remained open, and none but stragglers loitered there. The great rush of the night was done with, and the curious had gone away, richer and poorer, but never a whit the wiser. In the harbor the yachts stood out white and spectral, and afar the sea ruffled her night-caps. The tram for Nice shrieked down the incline toward the promontory, now a vast frowning shadow. At the foot of the road which winds up to the palaces the car was signaled, and two women boarded. Both were veiled and exhibited signs of recent agitation. They maintained a singular silence. At Villefranche they got out, and the car went on glowingly through the night. The women stopped before the gates of a villa and rang the porter's bell. Presently he came down the path and admitted them, grumbling. Once in the room above, the silence between the two women came to an end.

"Safe! I am so tired. What a night!" the elder of the two women sighed.

"What a night, truly! I should like to know what it has all been about. To run through dark streets and alleys, to hide for hours, as if I were a thief or a fugitive from justice, is neither to my taste nor to my liking."

"Kitty!" brokenly.

"I know! In a moment I shall be on my knees to you, but first I must speak out my mind. Why did you lose your head? Why did you not stand perfectly still when you saw that we were followed from the Casino? He would not have dared to molest us in the open. No, you had to run!"

"He would have entered the car with us, he would have known where we were going, he would have had the patience to wait till he saw beneath our veils. I know that man!" with a hopeless anger.

"It was your flight. I told him plainly that you recognized him."

"I was afraid, Kitty. It was instinct which caused me to fly, blindly."

"And there you left me, standing like a fool, wondering whether to run or not."

Kitty was angry for half a dozen reasons. "And why should you run from any man?"

La Signorina did not reply, preferring to hold her tongue, lest it overthrow her. She unwound the thick veil and unpinned her hat. Her hands trembled and in her eyes and about her mouth there was the weariness of ages. Yet, not all this weariness, not all these transitory lines of pain, took one jot of her beauty.

"Kitty," she began sadly, "in this world no one trusts us wholly. We must know why, why; loyalty must have reasons, chivalry must have facts. You have vowed your love and loyalty a hundred times, and still, when a great crisis confronts me, you question, you grow angry, you complain, because my reasons are unknown to you. Because I am lonely, because I feel the need of even your half-hearted loyalty, I shall tell you why, why. Do you know what terror is? No. Well, it was blind terror which made me run. I counted not the consequences; my one thought was of instant flight. I shall tell you why I am lonely, why the world, bright to you, is dark. I am proud, but I shall bend my pride." With a quick movement she lifted her head high and her eyes burned into Kitty's very heart. "I am——"

"Stop! No, no! I forbid you!" Kitty put her hands over her ears. She might gain the secret, but she knew that she would lose the heart of the woman it concerned. "I am wrong, wrong. I have promised to follow you loyally, without question. I will keep that promise. I am only angry because you would not let me speak to Mr. Hillard. And when he called me by name, it was doubly hard. Had I not seen your hand waving from the doorway, I should have spoken. Who this Italian is I do not care. It is sufficient that you fear him. And I myself harbor no kind feelings toward him," rubbing her bruised wrist. "And if he comes down one side of the street I shall take to the other, to say nothing of dodging around the nearest corner. But he is very handsome," Kitty added thoughtfully.

"Are vipers handsome?"

"He is strong, too."

"Strong and cruel as a tiger. How I hate him! But thank you, Kitty, thank you. Sooner or later, if we stay together, I must tell you. The confidence will do me good. Look into my eyes." Kitty approached, and La Signorina drew her close. "Look in them. They will tell you that I have neither conspired or plotted, save for my own happiness; that I have wrought harm to no one. But on my side they will tell you that I have been terribly wronged. And all I wish is to be left alone, alone. It was cruel of me to forbid you to speak to Mr. Hillard. But I do not want him tangled up in this miserable, hopeless labyrinth. I wish him to recollect me pleasantly, as a whimsical being who came into his life one night and vanished out of it in two hours."

"But supposing the memory cuts deeply?" ventured Kitty. "Men fall in love with less excuse than this."

"He does not even know what I look like; he knows absolutely nothing except the sound of my voice."

"It is all a blind man needs—a voice."

"Nonsense!" La Signorina opened the window to air the room. She lingered, musing. "You are very good to me, Kitty."

"I can't help being good to you, you strange, lovely woman! For your sake as well as for mine, I hope my letter from home will be in Venice when we arrive. Now I am going to write a letter."

La Signorina still lingered by the window.

Merrihew was pocketing currency in exchange for his gold, when Hillard passed an open letter to him. It was early in the morning; the sky was as yellow as brass; patches of dew still dampened the sidewalks, and the air was still with the promise of heat in the later day. Merrihew stuffed the last bill into his wallet and gave his attention to the letter. He was not long indifferent, for the letter was from no less a person than Kitty. It was, however, addressed to Hillard.

My Dear Mr. Hillard—Do not seek us. It will be useless. This sounds terribly ungrateful, but it must be so. If Mr. Merrihew is with you, as I suspect he is, tell him that some day I will explain away the mystery. At present I know no more than you do. But this please make plain to him: If he insists upon searching for me, he will only double my unhappiness. Kittie Killigrew.

Merrihew soberly tucked the letter away. "I knew it," he said simply. "She is in some trouble or other, some tangle, and fears to drag us into it. Who left a letter here this morning?" he asked of the concierge.

"A small boy from Villefranche."

"Just my luck," said Merrihew, his hands speaking eloquently. "I said that it would be of no use to hunt in the smaller towns. Well, we had better take the luggage back to the rooms."

"Why?" asked Hillard.

"I am going to Villefranche."

"You will be wasting time. After what happened last night, I am certain that they will be gone. Let us not change our plans, and let us respect theirs, hard as it may seem to you."

"But you?"

"Oh, don't bother about me. I have relegated my little romance to the garret of no-account things, at least for the present," said Hillard, with an enigmatical smile. He sought his watch. "Make up your mind at once; we have only 20 minutes."

"Oh, divine afflatus! And you lay down the chase so readily as this?" Merrihew was scornfully indignant.

"I would travel the breadth of the continent were I sure of meeting this woman. But she has become a will-o'-the-wisp, and I am too old and like comfort too well to pursue impossibilities."

"But why did she leave you that mask?" demanded Merrihew. "She must have meant something by that."

"True, but for the life of me I can't figure out what, unless she wished to leave with me the last page of the adventure."

"But I don't like the idea of leaving Kitty this way, without a final effort to rescue her from the clutches of this fascinating adventuress. For you must admit that she is naught else."

"I admit nothing, my boy, save that the keenness of the chase is gone." Hillard balanced his watch idly. "As for Kitty, she's a worldly little woman and can take good care of herself. She is not likely to blunder into any serious conspiracy. Her letter should be sufficient,"

"But it isn't. A woman's 'don't' often means 'do.' If Kitty really expects me to search for her and I do not, she will never believe in me again."

"Perhaps your knowledge of women is more extensive than mine," said Hillard, without the least irony.

But this flattery did not appeal to Merrihew. "Bosh! There's something you haven't told me about that makes you so indifferent."

This was a shrewd guess, but Hillard had his reasons for not letting his friend see how close he had shot. "A lady? Grace of Mary, that is droll!" He could not cast this out of his though. He floated between this phrase and Mrs. Sandford's frank defense of her girlhood friend. Perhaps he was lacking in some particle of chivalry; perhaps he was not in love at all. And of what use to offer faith to one who refused it?

"Time flies," he warned. "Which is it to be?"

"We'll go on to Venice. It would be folly for me to continue the hunt alone. And if you went with me, your half-heartedness would be a damper. We'll go on to Venice."

"Have you any cigars left?" smiling.

"I have thrown away the boxes and filled my pockets."

"That's better. But the Italians are not so severe as the French. We shan't have any trouble recrossing into Italy. All aboard, then."

Merrihew solemnly directed the porter to paste the scarlet labels on his cases. He was beginning to take a certain blase pride in his luggage. Already it had the appearance of having traveled widely. It would look well on week-end trips at home.

At 7 that evening they stepped out of the station at Venice. The blue twilight of Venice, that curves down from the hollow heavens, softening a bit of ugliness here, accentuating a bit of loveliness there; that mysterious, incomparable blue which is without match or equivalent, and which flattens all perspective and gives to each scene the look of a separate canvas! Here Merrihew found one of his dreams come true, and his first vision of the Grand Canal, with its gondolas and barges and queer little bobtailed skiffs, was never to leave him. What impressed him most was the sense of peace and quiet. No one seemed in a hurry, for hurry carries with it the suggestion of noise and turmoil. Hillard hunted for his old gondolier, but could not find him. So he chose one Achille whose ferrule was bright and who carried the number 154. With their trunks, which they had picked up at Genoa, and small luggage in the hotel barge, they had the godola all to themselves.

Instead of following the Grand Canal, Achille took the short cut through the Ruga di San Giovanni and the Rio di San Polo. It was early moonlight, and as they glided silently past the ancient marble church in the Campo San Polo the fairy-like beauty of it caught Merrihew by the throat.

"This is the happy hunting grounds," he said. "This beats all the cab-riding I ever heard of. And this is Venice!" He patted Hillard on the shoulder. "I am grateful to you, Jack. If you hadn't positively dragged me into it, I should have gone on grubbing, gone on thinking that I knew something about beauty. Venice!" He extended his arms as a Muezzin does when he calls to prayer. "Venice! The shade of Napoleon, of Othello, of Portia, of Petrarch!"

Hillard smiled indulgently. "I love your enthusiasm, Dan. So long as a man has that, the rest doesn't matter."

Out into the Grand Canal again and another short cut by the way of the Rio del Baccaroli. As they swept under the last bridge before coming out into the hotel district, Hillard espied a beggar leaning over the parapet. The faint light of the moon shone full in his face.

"Stop!" cried Hillard to Achille, who swung down powerfully on his blade. Hillard stood up excitedly.

The beggar took to his heels, and when Hillard stepped out of the gondola and gained the bridge, the beggar had disappeared.

"Who was it?" asked Merrihew indifferently.

"Giovanni!"

CHAPTER XVI.

O'Mally Suggests.

In a bed room in one of the cheap little pensiones which shoulder one another along the Riva degli Schiavoni, from the ducal palace to the public gardens, sat three men. All three were smoking execrable tobacco in ancient pipes. Now and then this one or that consulted his watch (grateful that he still possessed it), as if expecting some visitor. The castaways of the American Comic Opera troupe were on the anxious seat this morning.

"Well, what do you think?" asked Smith.

"Think? Why, she'll be here this morning, or I know nothing about women. That ring was worth a cool thousand." O'Mally shook the nicotine from his pipe. "She's be here never you worry. But," with a comic grin, "it's dollars to doughnuts that both of 'em will be stone-broke. I know something about that innocent little game called roulette."

"But if she's broke, what the devil shall we do?" Smith put this question in no calm frame of mind.

"Forty dollars; it's a heap just now."

"She said she had another plan," said Worth.

"If it's a plan which needs no investments, all well and good. But, on my word, I wouldn't dare advance another cent." Smith's brow wore many wrinkles.

"Nor I," said O'Mally.

"Positively, no," added Worth.

O'Mally mused. "A bill from your tailor will reach you here in eight days, but money! Look as if they had sent it via Japan."

"The one thing I'm sore about is the way she buncoed us into giving up our return tickets to the chorus."

"Shame on you!" cried the generous O'Mally. "What chance had any of them on this side? Ten to one, nobody home could have sent them money. We men can get along somehow. But I wish I could get some good plug-cut. This English shoe-string tobacco burns like hot lead."

"O'Mally, what's your opinion?"

"On what?"

"La Signorina," said Worth.

"What about her?"

"What do you think of her? She's not one of us; she belongs to another class, and the stage is only an incident."

"Well, I don't know what to think. I've pumped Killigrew, but she seems to be in the dark with the rest of us. That ring and the careless way she offered it as security convinces me that she doesn't belong. But what a voice! It lifts you out of your boots."

"Even when she talks," said Smith. "Honestly, I'm glad she always wears that veil. I might make a jackass of myself."

"It would be excusable," rejoined Worth, pressing the coal in his pipe and blowing the strong, biting smoke above his head. "She is, without exception, one of the most beautiful women I ever saw or care to see." He rose and walked over to the window and gazed down upon the quay, bright with morning sunshine and colorful with two human currents.

Smith and O'Mally exchanged a swift comprehensive look. There was one thing upon which they agreed fully, but they had not yet put it into words. When Worth returned to his chair his two companions were inspecting the faded designs in the carpet.

"In Rome there was a grand duke," Worth remarked.

"And how she played him!" laughed Smith.

"And there you are! Imagine an American comic opera star refusing to dine with a real duke! If anything convinces me, it is that. Think of the advertisement it would have been in New York! Think of the fat part for the press agent! No," continued O'Mally, "she doesn't belong."

"The thing that sticks in my mind is the alternative which she has promised to offer." Worth eyed the ceiling. "She said that if she failed at Monte Carlo she had another plan. What? Pawning her jewels? I think not. But whatever it is, I expect to be counted in."

"I, too," agreed Smith.

O'Mally took the small brilliant from his necktie and contemplated it sadly. "The outsiders make fun of us for toting round these sparklers; but often it's board and car-fare home. I paid seventy-five for this; I might be able to raise thirty on it. Of course, she's backed us finely with the hotel man; but if she shouldn't return, it's strapped the three of us will be. And no letters at Cook's this morning."

"Oh, if worst comes to worst, the American consul will forward us to New York. I'm not going to borrow any trouble." And Worth in his turn found employment in the carpet patterns. Presently he got up briskly. "I'm going down to the office."

"Bureau," corrected O'Mally.

"Bureau. There might be a note or something." Worth smiled.

When he was out of the way O'Mally nodded wisely to his friend Smith.

"I hope he won't make a fool of himself over her."

"He has the symptoms. I've seen 'em before," replied Smith jocularly. "But he's an odd duffer, and there's no knowing what he'll do before the roundup. It's a fine go, anyhow. Here we are, handsomely stranded thousands of miles from home. The only chance I have of finding money in a letter is to sign for next season and draw down enough to pay for a steamer ticket. As for a bank account, Lord! I never had one. I have made two offers for my versatile talents, but no line yet."

O'Mally laughed. "Same boat. I've written to my brother, who has always held that I'm a good-for-nothing. And he may see in this predicament of mine a good chance to be rid of me permanently. But I believe Worth has a bank account at home. He is close-mouthed about his affairs. He received some letters yesterday, but when I quizzed him he made out he didn't hear me. I didn't crowd him. Hope he won't make a fool of himself over La Signorina. Sh! he's coming back."

The door opened and Worth beckoned. "They are in the parlor, waiting. I don't know what news they bring."

There was a brightness in his eyes that meant unmistakable things to his two companions. They laid aside their pipes, tidied up a bit, and went down to the stuffy salon. The two women rose as the men entered. There was good cheer and handshaking. O'Mally's heart sank, however, as he touched the hand of La Signorina. There was no joy in the pressure, nothing but sympathy and subtle encouragement.

"Come," he said cheerfully, "put us out of our misery. Confess that you are both broke, and that Monte Carlo is still on the map."

As a preamble La Signorina raised the inevitable veil to the rim of her hat. Worth sat down in the darkest corner whence he could without inconvenience feast his eyes upon her beauty. Her tale was short and slightly told, with an interpolation now and then by Kitty.

"I was very foolish," said the erstwhile prima donna. "I might have known that when one is unlucky one may become still more unlucky. The superlative of bad luck has been my portion. But I did so wish to win. I wanted to bring back enough gold to send you all to America."

"But what was to become of you?" asked Worth from behind his fortress of shadow.

"I?" She paused with indecision. The question was not expected. "Oh, Italy is my home. I shall find a way somehow. Put me out of your thoughts entirely. But I am sorry to bring you this bitter disappointment, for it must be bitter. You have all been so good and patient in your misfortune."

"Forget it," said O'Mally. "Sure, we're no worse off than we were before. And here we've had a whole week of hope and air-castles. I've seem 'em tumble down so often that I've a shell like a turtle's now. Forget it."

"But there is one thing I wish to understand thoroughly," put in Worth slowly.

"And that?" La Signorina was never sure of this man. He was deeper than the others; he had more polish, more knowledge of the world at large; he was a gentleman by birth. He was a puzzle, and at this period she was not overfond of shifting puzzles into answers.

"You have guaranteed our credit at this hotel. By what means?" Worth held her eye with courage.

"My word," she answered, finding that she could not beat down his eye.

"I know something of these foreign hotel managers. Words are all right, but they must be backed by concrete values." Worth's eye was still, steady and unwavering. "If, as I believe, you have guaranteed our credit here by means of jewels, we must know."

She appealed silently to O'Mally, but he shook his head determinedly.

"It's only right that we should know," he said, wondering why this thing had never entered his thick skull before.

"Let us not indulge in fine sentiment. I have guaranteed your credit here; how I have done so, ought not to matter much."

"But it does," countered Worth. "If by more than words, we insist upon knowing." Worth spoke with feeling. "Do not for a moment doubt my attitude. I understand and appreciate your great generosity. We are absolutely nothing to you, and you are not responsible for our misfortunes. But we men have some pride left. A man might do for us what you have done and we should accept it [illegible] without comment; but a woman, no That alters the case entirely."

"Is it from a sense—a misguided sense—of chivalry?" she asked, her lips suggesting a smile.

"That's probably it," O'Mally answered.

And Smith inclined his head in approval.

"You are evading us," went on Worth, not having moved from his stand.

"You insist, then?" coldly.

"Positively insist. If you do not tell us, we shall be forced to pay our bill and take our chances elsewhere." Worth pressed the button in the wall. A servant appeared directly. "The manager, at once."

La Signorina dropped her veil and sat stiffly in her chair. Kitty moved uneasily. Was the man crazy to cross La Signorina like this? The manager appeared. He bowed.

"Madame here," began Worth, indicating La Signorina, "has guaranteed our credit at your hotel."

"Yes. Is not everything satisfactory?" asked the manager eagerly.

"By what means has she established our credit? And do you know her?"

"I never saw madame before till she came here with you gentlemen. What is the trouble?" His brow wrinkled worriedly.

"What security did madame advance?"

"Security?" The manager looked at La Signorina, but she rendered him not the least assistance. "I have given my word to madame not to tell."

"In that case we three gentlemen shall leave this afternoon. You will make out your bill at once."

This time the manager appealed to the lady eloquently.

"You are three foolish men," spoke La Signorina impatiently. "If the manager wishes to tell you he may do so. I give him permission."

The careless way she assigned the third person to the manager more than ever convinced Worth that somewhere and at some time La Signorina had commanded.

"The security I have, gentlemen, is quite sufficient," said the manager.

"Produce it," said Worth. He realized that he had angered La Signorina, and he now regretted his scruples, which in this instance had their foundation on mere curiosity. He would never retreat now.

The manager brought forth a fat wallet and opened it. Out of this he took a flat object wrapped in tissue-paper. Very tenderly he unfolded it. The treasure was a diamond pendant, worth at least a thousand dollars.

(To be continued.)

Thought It Was Punishment.

Philadelphia Times.

Fourteen hours in a drift a few miles from Lancaster, Pa., on the Columbia division of the Pennsylvania railroad, was the plight of one train.

The six cars were crowded to the limit, it being necessary that some of the women passengers ride in the "smoker." The crowd was a merry one until one of the passengers had heart trouble, and then it was more like a funeral train than anything else.

Among the passengers was a woman with two sweet girls, the little ones being bundled up warmly and laid in the seat as the mother walked the aisle. Soon she was heard to shout in a loud voice, with her hands outstretched:

"If the Lord forgives me this time I'll never ride trains on Sunday again."

The crowd laughed, but the woman never smiled. She was serious about the acclamation.

STRENGTH AND SIZE IN COLD REGIONS

THE average man associates the largest and most awe-inspiring forms of life on the earth with the heat of the tropics. It may be due, in some degree, to the vague impression left upon the mind by pictures and tales of gigantic prehistoric monsters, now extinct, flourishing in the midst of tropical vegetation. Possibly it is one of the curious, unconscious effects of association. Maps of the globe, have a way of bulging at the equator like a barrel, and that may account, in some measure, for the feeling that the world is biggest where it is warmest. But the elephant is largely responsible for the notion that size and strength reach their highest development in hot countries. He is the biggest thing on four legs, and he lives in the tropics.

But it is a fact which ought to afford no little satisfaction in a strenuous winter, that as a rule the largest living animals—and vegetable organisms also—are found in cold regions. The balance is overwhelming on that side. An elphant is very small by comparison with a whale, and though there are huge whales in some tropical seas, nearly all of the biggest species flourish in the cold waters which are commonly strewn with ice floes and icebergs, or are close to such chilly products of bitter weather. And it was not so very long ago that very big elephant-like mammoths lived in Siberia, near the shore of the Arctic ocean. One carcass found close to the Lena river, where it has been frozen and kept in nature's cold storage, was fresh enough for dogs to eat, and that was in strictly modern times. These far northern mammoths were as large as the biggest elephant in Africa.

Consider the bears and wolves. The biggest bears in the world are found on the Kadiak peninsula of Alaska, and perhaps in nearby territory. Next to them come some of the polar or ice bears of the Arctic wastes. The Malay bears of the tropics are very small. It is the same with wolves. According to the best naturalists, the big gray or timber wolf of America is the same animal as the wolf of Europe and Asia, but the differences in size and strength, in various parts of the wide regions through which that beast is found, are very great. Theodore Roosevelt, who knows a lot about American wolves, says that the gray wolf of Alaska and the Canadian Rocky mountains is nearly or quite double the weight of the same animal in Texas and Mexico. A wolf weighing 140 pounds is no bigger, in proportion to other wolves, in the northern part of British Columbia, than a wolf weighing 70 pounds is in the lower Rio Grande valley.

The same rule holds good with respect to tigers, though in less marked degree. The largest and handsomest tigers come from Manchuria, in the northwestern corner of the Chinese empire, where the temperature not infrequently goes down to zero in winter. Lions have no such northern range, but if there is any region where they are bigger and more formidable than in any other part of the world, it is the hills and mountains of North Africa, just as the cougar or puma (also called panther and mountain lion) is larger in the Colorado mountains than the same beast is in the hot regions of tropical America. Even the rhinoceros comes to its greatest size in certain districts of India which lie well up toward the Himalayas, not in tropical islands under the equator, like Java and Sumatra. Snakes and apes, it must be admitted, are exceptions in attaining their bulkiest forms where it is extremely hot and the precipitation is unusually heavy.

Trees like animals are biggest in cool countries. The giant sequolas of California grow up where the snows of winter lie deep and the cold is intense during a considerable part of the year. The redwoods and the sugar pines and the cedars of the remarkable Pacific coast forests all flourish chiefly in very temperate districts. Even that immensely tall tree of Australia, the eucalyptus, although it comes from a warm island continent, is biggest in hills and valleys where the temperature is moderate. There are plenty of very large trees in the hottest parts of the tropics, but the woods which stand first in the world in average height and in the number of trees to the acre or the square mile which attain great size are in temperate countries where the weather is cool or even very cold several months of the year.

Man, naturally, shows corresponding differences between the hottest regions and more temperate countries. The Manchu Tartars of Northern China are taller and bigger than the Southern Chinese. The Norwegians are taller than the Italians, the Scotch than the Spaniards. In Africa the natives of the Barbary states are bigger and stronger than the tribes of the Congo region, under the equator. The American Indians of Dakota were always taller if not more formidable, than those of Arizona, and the Patagonians are bigger than the Indians of the Amazon valley.

Size is not everything, but such cold country huskiness and stature ought to be some compensation, none the less, for the disagreeable phases of winter in this part of the world.

WHERE WILL CITIES STOP GROWING?

IT IS almost as difficult to conceive of cities expanding without limit, decade after decade, century after century,—the biggest cities, that is—as it is, to imagine a London or a New York past the zenith of its vitality and power and on the down ward road. In both directions the question of city growth becomes the more bewildering the more it is studied. If urban population is to go one increasing without check the problems of city transportation will grow more and more complicated and difficult until the surface of great municipalities can hardly be supplemented adequately by underground roads. The air may yet be needed to carry people in and out of vast centers of traffic and industry. If the largest masses of population in the world are to rise to 10,000,000 and upward in single cities the space covered with buildings and streets must necessarily create a bewildering congestion of human life at the commercial whirlpools in the heart of such huge seas of workers and pleasure-seekers. With such growth the disposition of sewage, the supply of water, the distribution of fresh vegetables, milk, etc., all become increasingly difficult, just as the political and social problems of the times are made more acute and dangerous by the concentration of power in single communities.

Yet, where is there any sign of stopping the changes pointing in that direction? Certainly not in New York, or Paris, or Berlin. Surely not in the greatest of all cities. London has built about 125,000 new houses and business structures in the last 10 years, speaking of the city in the "Greater London" sense. From 1897 to 1908 exactly 87,934 were built in the county of London alone, which contains less than two-thirds of the 7,500,000 people in the real metropolis of the world. The vast mass of human beings is expanding at the rate of about 100,000 every year, and its growth calls for 10,000 or 12,000 new buildings annually, and at least 15 miles of new streets. Already the local railroads (steam lines), the tramways or street cars and the omnibuses carry about 1,500,000,000 passengers in a year, against 1,000,000,000 only six years ago, and less than 270,000,000 in 1881, when London was so big that many persons of fair intelligence thought that it could not possibly grow much bigger. Hundreds of millions of passengers ride every year on the suburban trains of the through railways and in the multitude of cabs which London keeps busy. A count made several months ago at eight selected points in a thickly settled residence section of the British capital showed the passing of more than 5,000 two-wheeled cabs, about 20,000 four-wheeled carts and nearly 20,000 taxicabs in a single day. There were also about 7,000 private motor cars, 13,000 motorcycles and old-fashioned bicycles and about 30,000 private horse vehicles. Of course, many of all these classes were counted over and over in such a census but the figures are eloquent of the enormous difficulties of transportation in cities of the largest size.

New York is more congested, in some respects, than London, because of the shape and position of Manhattan Island, and New York, like London, grows rapidly, with not a sign of stopping in sight. In the whole metropolitan center of which Manhattan Island is the heart, there are not less than 6,000,000, counting no place more than 15 miles from the city hall of New York City. That great mass of humanity is increasing at the rate of about 150,000 a year, perhaps 175,000. It adds a city like Toledo in four years or a little over, and it promises to reach the 8,000,000 mark by 1920, and to go up well above 10,000,000 before boys born this year will be old enough to vote.

What will such a city do with its transportation problems? How will it dispose of its garbage and other waste? What will its influence be, and how will its mighty resources be used in state and national affairs? New York City has more people than famous countries, like Switzerland, or Greece, or Denmark. In a few years it will exceed Holland, and it may soon Belgium. Who can measure the far-reaching influence of such a massing of human beings in one municipality?

Similar conditions prevail in many lands. Berlin has rushed up past the 3,000,000 mark. Paris grows much more than all the rest of France. That city also is at the 3,000,000 level or thereabouts. St. Petersburg and Moscow, Vienna and Budapest, Tokyo, in far-off Japan, Buenos Ayres, in Argentina, are all growing like Chicago and Philadelphia. There is no check, no limit in sight. It is one of the most vital and overwhelming movements of the age.

The Song of the Camp.

"Give us a song," the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camp allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay grim and threatening, under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said:
"We storm the forts tomorrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon;
Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of the Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang Annie Laurie.

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong—
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of Annie Laurie.

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing;
The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.
—Bayard Taylor.

Takes Pride in Flag.

New York Sun.

Admiral Trenchard Section 73, Navy league of the United States, prides itself on a flag that went to the North Pole with Peary and, better still, came back to the organization. The flag was presented to Commander Peary. He used it and returned it with this little paragraph of history: "The flags displayed at the pole were displayed on poles consisting of a tent pole and the shafts of the ice lances, one of which was carried on each sledge."

Winter Day Rainbow.

Several people in this city report having seen a rainbow in the southeast during the intense cold weather. They say that while the rainbow was not as many colored as those usually seen in summer time, it had all of the brighter colors and was distinct in every way.

The rainbow did not make as large an arc as those seen in warm weather. It is also asserted by people who saw the phenomenoal that the rainbow cast a shadow on the surface of the earth.

Good Place to Avoid.

George Richmond Hayes, the noted San Francisco ethnologist, said at a recent dinner:

"The yellow races are held in better esteem than used to be the case in the west.

"I once visited a very rough boom town in Oregon, near Cottage Grove. In the leading saloon a man in a red shirt said to me:

"'Ye wanter carry yerself almighty straight in these parts, stranger. Go wrong the least mite, and, by cirous, we'll lynch ye as quick as look at ye.'

"I smiled.

"'Would you lynch me,' I asked, 'if I killed a dog?'

"'Would we?' he snorted. 'Why, stranger, we've lynched fellers here for killin' Chinamen.'"

He Wore a Falsehood.

Cleveland Leader.

"Our Bishop Burgess," said a Garden City man, "is one of the few American clergymen who, being graduates of the famous University of Oxford, are entitled to wear the Oxford hood.

"At a certain service another bishop, also an Oxford man, nodded toward the officiating clergyman and whispered excitedly to Bishop Burgess:

"'Why, look, he has got an Oxford hood on.'

"'So he has,' said Bishop Burgess.

"'But he is not entitled to it. He has no Oxford degree,' exclaimed the first bishop. 'Why, the man is wearing a lie on his back.'

"'Hush,' said Bishop Burgess. 'Don't call it a lie. Call it a false hood.'"

The Purity Congress.

The Light for January, 1910, official organ of the National Purity federation, the Northwestern Purity association and the Pacific Purity association, is at hand with a full account of the Purity congress held in Burlington, Ia., October 19-22 last, including full reports of papers read and of leading speeches delivered thereat.

It was the greatest gathering ever held in America for the advancement of the purity movement. The next congress will meet in the autumn of 1911.

The Large Way.

Jim Jeffries was talking to a reporter about the purse of $101,000 that goes to the winner of the Jeffries-Johnson battle.

"Oh, no," said the herculean young man, "it isn't an enormous purse—I mean it isn't an enormous one for America. We look at money in such a large way here.

"Coming over on the boat I heard two Chicago men talking in the bar.

"'Which would you rather be,' said one of them, 'very rich or very poor?

"'Neither,' said the other, in our large native way. 'Give me my choice and I'd have about $5,000,000.'"

TAVERNAY

A TALE of THE RED TERROR

by Burton E Stevenson

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CHAPTER XXIII.

Fortune Frowns.

We gained the road again and turned westward along it, walking for some time in silence. I confess I was in bad humor. I was not altruist enough to have willingly burdened myself with that hamper, and more than once I was tempted to fling it into the ditch at the roadside, especially as minute followed minute and no house appeared. But at last at a turn of the road, we came upon a miserable hovel, supported by a pile of stone, without which it must inevitably have collapsed. I though, for an instant, that the hut was empty, but as we drew near, a child's thin wail came to us through the open door. I set the hamper down, knocked and passed on, and I doubt not that in that family there still survives thelegend of a heavenly visitation.

My spirit cleared after that, perhaps as the reward of a good action, perhaps because I was rid of the hamper; at any rate I could lift my head and look about me and take joy in the beauty of the night. There were only the stars to light us, for the moon had not yet risen. They looked down upon us from the high heavens, and it seemed to me that there were kindness and sympathy in their gaze—that they blessed us and wished us well. The road was much smoothtr than the one we had traversed the night before, and we got forward at a speed which warranted our reaching Coulanges in good time, if nothing happened to delay us. We were both well rested and I had already had good reason to know and wonder at my companion's powers of endurance.

I glanced down at her and saw that she was staring straight ahead at the road unrolling before us. How near we were to the moment of parting! With every step we appoached the place where I must leave her. Even should I survive my pilgrimage of vengeance, it seemed most unlikely that I should see her again—certainly, we should never be thrown together in this sweet, intimate, personal relation. And would I wish to see her in any other way? To gaze at her from a distance, to find her fenced about, to stand silent while some other gallant whispered in her ears, would not all that be as the rubbing of salt into an open wound?

Indeed, she had already applied that torture with that mocking invitation to Chambray! Why was it that I had so failed to touch a responsive chord in her, or, rathes, why, at the very moment I fancied I had touched it, should she draw back and deal me a cruel blow? Perhaps she fancied there was kindness in this cruelty; perhaps she was trying to save me from sinking too deeply into the quicksand which entangled me. Alas! I felt that I was already past all hope of rescue. So a real kindness would have been to make my last moments as happy as might be, ere the sands closed over me and divided us forever!

I shook the thought away. Nothing on earth should so divide us. Honor compelled no man

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EDITORIAL NOTE—We advise our readers who have symptoms of Kidney or Bladder trouble such as lame back, bladder irritation or inflammation, loss of sleep, etc., to give Swamp-Root a trial, as we find it is very highly recommended for these ailments. It is pleasant to take.

I know that I shall live to be proud of you."

I caught her hand and kissed it—a kiss not of love, but of gratitude. I swear that at that moment passion was as dead in me as though it had never been.

We went on in silence after that. I had my bitter draught to swallow, and swallow it I did without flinching. All pretty euphemism had been stripped away. I saw that I had been dishonorable in thought, if not in deed. I had befouled myself, and, worse than all, I had tried to drag another—the one person that I loved—down into the mire with me.

"Mademoiselle," I said at last, "I hope that in time you will pardon me. And I thank you from the bottom of my heart that you had the courage to speak as you did just now. It was the only way to open my eyes to my real self. Believe me, I shall be brave enough to look at it steadily."

She held out her hand with a quick gesture.

"I am sure you will, my friend," she said, very softly. "And let me tell you one thing more—I shall always be a better woman for having known you."

Again I kissed her hand—humbly as a slave might—and again we went on in silence. The moon rose and threw our shadows far before us along the road; we came at last to the rough and uneven ground I had seen from the hillside, and here we found the way more difficult, for the road grew narrow and rutted, with high untrimmed hedges closing it in on either hand and sometimes even meeting overhead, so that we seemed to be stumbling forward in a tunnel into which no ray of light could penetrate. I aided her as well as I could, but even then it was disheartening and exhausting work, and her labored breathing denoted her fatigue.

"We must rest," I said. "We must rest," and I led her to a seat in the shadow of the hedge.

"I shall recover in a moment," she protested. "We must reach Coulanges tonight. I have set my heart on it. Remember, we burnt our ships behind us when we abandoned our provisions."

"We shall reach Coulanges," I said confidently. "At the next house I will inquire the way."

"Come," she said, starting to her feet. "Let us go. I am quite rested."

She was a few paces ahead of me, and I let her keep the place for a moment that I might admire her erect and graceful figure, when suddenly she shrank back against me with a little cry of fright.

"What is it?" I asked. "You are not hurt?"

"No, no!" she whispered. "But yonder—creep forward and look."

There was a sharp turn in the road, and as I went forward cautiously and looked around it, my heart stood still. For there, not 200 yards distant, was encamped a regiment of infantry—the same, perhaps, that we had seen pass that afternoon. I contemplated the camp in silence for a moment, noting how it lay in the little valley, then I drew back and rejoined my comrade.

"There is no danger," I said. "We must make a wide detour and avoid these fellows."

I searched along the hedge until I found a place where I could break through, and in a moment we were together in the field on the other side. Cautiously we crept away up the hillside until the lights of the camp gleamed faint behind us, then we went forward past them. There was no danger of our being seen, despite the brightness of the moonlight, for the field was full of sheep—the same we had seen pass, no doubt—and at a distance, so low we crept, we could not be distinguished from them. We came to another hedge and broke through it, and I was just turning back toward the road, when a low moan brought me sharp around.

"What is it?" I asked again, and stretched out my arms and caught her, or she would have fallen.

"My ankle," she gasped, her lips white to the very edge. "I turned it back yonder. I thought I could walk on it, but—Oh!" and she shivered and hid her face against my shoulder.

I placed her gently on the grass and with trembling fingers undid the laces of her shoe. She shivered again with agony at my touch, and closed her eyes. I felt that her ankle was already swelling, and the sweat poured down my face as I realized what anguish she was in.

"I must get aid," I said, thickly. "I must get you to some house."

She was clutching wildly at my sleeve, her face convulsed, her eyes bright with suffering.

"Leave me," she said, pulling me down to her. "Leave me. It is no more than I desrve. Save yourself. Only," she added softly, "kiss me first."

For answer, I bent and lifted her tenderly in my arms and pressed her close against my heart, and kissed her quivering lips and shining eyes and fragrant hair.

"I love you!" I whispered. "More than ever I love you! Oh, I shall never be able to tell you how I love you."

She clung to me desperately and I held her close, close, trembling with a great happiness.

"Tell me," I whispered. "I know it now—but tell me."

She lifted her face to mine, no longer pinched with suffering, but radiant with joy.

"I love you!" she said. "Oh, why should I deny it? I love you!"

Again I kissed her; then I set off down the hill, while she dropped her head upon my shoulder and sobbed silently—but I knew that it was not with pain! She was mine—mine! Nothing could alter that! Not all the oaths of Heaven and hell could alter that! Not the scorn of the living nor the memory of the dead could alter that! I had happiness within my hand and I would hold it fast; there should be no paltering with it, no looking back, no question of this or that. How foolish all such questions seemed, now that the die was cast!

At last I reached the road, and for an instant hesitated, looking up and down. To ask aid of the Blues would be to court the guillotine, and yet I might blunder along the road for hours without coming to a house where help could be secured. Had I the right to condemn her to that suffering? Then I remembered Goujan. Better a sprained ankle than that infamy—better any suffering than that! And resolutely I set my face westward.

"It will not be long," I whispered. "We shall find a house. Be brave. Remember only that I love you!"

She answered with a pressure of her arms about my neck, and I went on with new strength, my heart singing. At last, with a deep breath of thankfulness, I discerned the roof of a hovel rising above the hedge to the right. Was it occupied? There was no light at the window, nor smoke rising from the chimney, but I hastened forward to its door and knocked. There was no response. I tried the door and found it barred, so I knocked again, or, rather, hammered savagely with my fist. This time a step approached.

"Be off!" cried a harsh voice. "No entrance here!"

"Citizen," I said, as mildly as I could, "I ask your aid—you will lose nothing by opening the door."

"Be off!" he cried again. "I will not open!"

"Well, then, I shall kick it in," I said, letting my wrath burst forth, "and shoot you down like the dog you are. Choose—a gold louis if you aid me; death if you refuse!" and I gave the door a premonitory kick which made the flimsy building tremble. "Come, is it war or peace?"

"What is it you require, citizen?" asked the voice, after a moment, in a milder tone.

"Some water boiling hot and cloth for a bandage."

"And for these you will give a gold louis?"

"I promise it."

"Very well, I will open the door."

"You will make a light first," I said, and placing my burden carefully on the ground in the shadow of the hedge, I drew my pistol and assured myself that it was ready. "Come, make haste," I added.

In a moment a light sprang up within and the door slowly opened. I crossed the threshold with a bound, to find myself face to face with as villainous a wretch as I had ever encountered. A great shock of yellow hair hung over a face so grimed and crusted with filth that the features were almost indecipherable. The head hung forward and the great hands dangling below the knees showed that the man was deformed.

"Quick, stir up the fire," I commanded, "and heat the water!"

"And the gold louis?" he asked, eyeing my dress.

I drew it forth and placed it on a rude table, which stood in one corner.

"There it is," I said, "but it is not yours yet."

His eyes gleamed as he looked at it and he licked his lips as a dog might have done at sight of a savory bone; then he turned to the hearth, stirred the smouldering embers, threw some pieces of wood upon them, filled an earthenware pot from another vessel which stood on the hearth, and placed it in the midst of the flames.

"Your water will be ready in three winks, citizen," he said.

"Good!" and I moved before the fire a bench which served as a chair. "Now I will bring in my companion."

"Your companion?" he repeated, looking about with a snarl.

"Yes—and if you touch the gold-piece I will kill you. Sit down in yonder corner."

He backed into the corner indicated and sat down, staring vacantly. In an instant I was outside and lifting my comrade, tenderly in my arms, bore her back into the cottage and closed and barred the door.

"Sit here, my love," I said, and placed her on the bench. "Now, let us see the ankle."

I knelt before her and with fingers which trembled so that I could scarcely guide them, removed the shoe and cut away the stocking. The ankle—which should have been so slim, so graceful—was cruelly swollen.

"It will be better in a moment," I said, and dipping the remnant of the stocking into the steaming water, held it close to the hurt.

"Oh, that is heavenly!" she murmured and breathed a deep sigh of relief.

I bathed the ankle thoroughly, immersing it in water almost scalding, and every instant I joyed to see the lines of pain in her face soften and disappear.

"And now," I said at last, "we will bandage it tightly and it will not pain you—only, of course, you cannot use it for some days."

"For some days!" she echoed in dismay. "But we cannot stay here so long a time."

"No," I agreed, "certainly not—but first let us bandage the ankle."

But my face fell as I glanced about the room.

"What do you require for a bandage?" she asked following my eyes.

"A strip of clean cloth—the longer the better. But clean cloth, in a hovel like this!"

She colored slightly as she looked down at me.

"If you will look away for a moment," she said. "I think I can supply the bandage."

I walked over to the corner where our involuntary host, still squatted, cursing softly to himself and stood before him. There was a sharp rip.

"How is this, doctor?" asked a voice, and I turned to see her holding out to me a strip of linen.

"Excellent," I cried, and kneeling before her I drew it tightly around the ankle. I rejoiced to see that the swelling had already decreased considerably and I bent and kissed the little foot.

"Is that a portion of the treatment?" she asked, laughing.

"A very necessary portion—don't you feel the improvement?"

"Yes," she said, her eyes dancing. "I believe I do."

"And now," I added, standing up again., "We must get out of this. We are still too near that camp down yonder."

"But I am such a burden!" she protested.

"A dear, delightful burden!" and I stooped to raise her, but at that instant a violent blow sounded on the door.

"Open!" cried a voice. "Open!"

There was no time to temporize; besides I knew that to hesitate would be to double any suspicion we might awaken.

"At once!" I answered. "Be brave, my love!" I whispered, and kissed her lips. As I turned away, I saw the brute in the corner spring upon the gold-piece and hide it among his rags.

"Open!" cried the voice again, and the door shook under a savage blow.

I strode to it and flung it wide.

A flash of arms greeted my eyes, a vision of fierce faces. In an instant a dozen men came crowding into the room, and I saw that they wore the uniform of the Republic.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Dragon's Den.

The rush of the intruders, sudden and overwhelming, drove me back from the door, but I managed to hold my place, pistol in hand, before my love, too dazed for the moment to do aught but stare at them and curse the fortune which had brought us to this desperate pass. But I had a part to play—a part I had rehearsed more than once for just such an emergency as this—and I got my wits back by a supreme effort, while the newcomers still stood gaping in a semi-circle about us.

"Well, citizens," I said, trying to achieve a smile with but indifferent success, "one would have thought you were taking a fortress by assault.

"We were set to patrol this road," explained one of them. "We saw this light and determined to find out what was going forward here."

I saw by their awkwardness and want of discipline that they were not trained soldierly but raw levies, with no very clear idea of their duties, and my spirits rose. The affair was not so desperate as I had thought.

"Quite right," I commended, smiling this time in earnest. "I suspected as much. That is why I opened so promptly, since we have nothing to conceal. There is no enemy of the Republic here—only this honest old fellow, this woman and hymself. So farewell, my friends. Oblige me by using this to drink the health of the Nation," and I tossed their spokesman a silver crown.

A murmur of satisfaction ran around the group, and such is the power of self-assurance that three or four of them made a motion to withdraw. But their spokesman lingered.

"I hear we must require some account of you, citizen," he said, looking at me apologetically, "and above all of your companion, who appears to me to be an aristocrat."

"An aristocrat!" I laughed, realizing in a flash that in these circumstances I must take some other line than that I had originally resolved on. "So it seems you cannot tell maid from mistress! She is so little of an aristocrat that she hopes to be vivandiere to the regiment which I join."

"Then, pardieu, you must join ours!" cried one of the rogues, and pressed toward her. "Hey, my dear, look at us—we're a likely set of fellows. We'll be kind to you—we'll do our best to make you happy;" at which his comrades laughed approvingly, and gazed at my companion with meaning glances.

"We are already pledged to a regiment at Thouars, citizen," I protested, pushing him back good naturedly, though there was red murder in my heart.

"Her clothing is not that of a maid," said another, staring at her.

"Well, may not a maid don her mistress' gown?" I demanded. "Especially when she is leaving her for the last time?"

They laughed again at that, but I saw that suspicion had been aroused—faint indeed, but enough to imperil us. Any but these country louts would have seen through the lie at once—that peerless creature a servant, indeed!

"What is your business here, citizen?" queried the first speaker, after a moment's silence during which I noted with uneasiness that none of them made any movement to retire.

"We stopped here to rest," I explained. "My comrade has injured her ankle. We will spend the night here, since it is impossible for her to go farther. Your regiment passes here?"

"Undoubtedly, since it also goes to Thouars."

"Well, we will join it as it passes. Perhaps you will give us breakfast and permit my comrade to ride in one of the wagons."

"Undoubtedly, citizen," chimed in another, with a laugh; "but we'll not permit any such scarcerow as you to ride with her. You'd prefer a handsome soldier, wouldn't you, my dear?"

"As you will," I agreed, laughing too, though with no small effort. "But you see how pale she is—she suffers greatly. A good night's rest will change all that. So good night, citizens. Till tomorrow."

This time they appeared really satisfied and started for the door in a body. But a sudden uproar from without stopped them.

"Name of a dog!" yelled a hoarse voice. "Where are those blockheads? Oh, they shall hang for this! Deserters! Traitors!"

There was an uneasy movement among the men. I saw that they had reason to know and fear that voice. In another instant a ferocious face appeared in the doorway, its eyes gleaming with rage.

"What!" it cried, and I saw a sword gleam in the air and descend with no uncertain force on heads and shoulders. "Dallying here with a light-o'-love! Is it thus you do your duty! Is it thus you serve the Nation! Hounds! Curs! I'll show you!" and he drove them forth pell-mell into the road. "And who are you, citizen?" he demanded, wheeling upon me, when the last of them had disappeared.

"I am on my way to join the army at Thouras," I said.

"And she?" and he jerked his thumb toward my companion.

"Spoil of war," I explained, with a wide smile, seeing he was too wise to swallow the other story.

He turned and, stared at her for a moment.

"My word, you have a pretty taste, citizen," he said, and his eyes gleamed lasciviously. "I think I will release you, my dear, from this dirty brute," he added to her, with a leer he no doubt, thought engaging. "You'd rather have a brave fellow like myself wouldn't you? Say, wouldn't you?" and he approached and tweaked her ear. "Of course you would! So it is settled."

"Citizen," I interposed, "I shall have a word to say to that. She belongs to me."

He turned upon me a disdainful countenance.

"Get out, you beast!" he said. "Don't you see we wish to be relieved of you? You say you are going to Thourars. Well, the door is open. Suppose you start now."

"When I start, my prisoner goes with me," I said.

He stared at me for a moment as though scarcely able to believe his ears.

"What!" he shouted. "You dispute with me! You—you scum, you insect, you toad. I tell you to get out! I advise you to get out while you are able to use your legs!"

"Pah!" I retorted, rage mastering me. "Save your ass's voice for those cowards out yonder. I'm not afraid of noise!"

"Dog!" he yelled, and sprang upon me.

But I had my pistol out—it was his life or mine—and fired straight into that savage countenance. I saw the gaping hole the bullet left; I saw the blood spurt from it as he pitched forward at my feet. Then a score of savage hands seized me, and I thought for an instant that I should be torn asunder. But a mounted patrol, summoned by the shot, cantered up, cut their way through the crowd, and jerked me out of its clutches.

"What is all this?" demanded their officer.

In two words they told him the story, pointing to the body on the floor and to the girl cowering in one corner, her hands before her face. They ended by demanding that I be hanged forthwith.

"Oh, he shall hang," my new captor assured them. Rest content! But he may be a spy, and first we'll see what he knows. Tie his hands."

They were secured behind my back in a twinkling.

"Bring the woman, too," he said, and one of them brought her forth and threw her across a horse. I saw with a sigh of relief that she had fainted. "Give me your rope, Couthon," he added to one of his men.

The rope was a strong yet slender line. Already in one end of it there was a running noose, and I shuddered as I guessed its meaning. He threw the noose over my head, drew it tight about my neck and made the other end fast to a ring in his saddle.

"Release him!" he commanded with an evil laugh. "He can't get away. Forward!"

For an instant, the thought flashed through my brain that I would end it here, that I would let myself be dragged under the hoofs of the horses. Then, as a trooper cantered by me bearing a limp form before him, I realized my cowardice. So long as a breath of life remained, I must fight to save her from the hideous fate which threatened her.

So I ran along in the dust beside my captor in such an agony of rage and despair as I had never known. If a wish of mine could have engulfed the world in ruin, I would instantly have uttered it. I prayed for an earthquake to swallow us, for a thunderbolt to blast us. I looked up at the clear sky and cursed it. So this was the end—for me, death by the rope—for her——

The lights of the camp gleamed ahead. In a moment, we passed the sentinel and approached a tent before which another sentry was stationed.

"Announce to Citizen Goujon," said my captor, reining in his horse, "that we have two traitors to be judged."

The sentry saluted and disappeared into the tent. As for me, my heart stopped at the mention of that name. Goujon! Was he to prove my murderer, too? And Charlotte——

"Enter, citizen," said the sentry, holding back the flap of the tent.

My captor threw himself from the saddle, and led me into the tent, the rope still about my neck. Another followed carrying Charlotte.

Within the tent was a table upon which two candles gleamed. Before it sat a man examining a pile of papers. He looked up as we entered, and I shuddered as I met his eyes; for they seemed a snake's eyes, so veiled and cold and venomous they were. The face was pock-marked, clammy-gray, and the nose so fissured and swollen that it had the appearance of a sponge.

He glanced from me to the burden which the trooper bore and a slow flush crept into his cheeks.

"Well?" he asked, sharply, turning back to my captor.

And again I had the pleasure of listening to the highly-colored story of my recent exploit. I was a murderer, a traitor—undoubtedly an aristocrat. I had shot down in cold blood the officer who was interrogating me. I was plainly a most desperate character, and should be hanged at once before I had further opportunity for evil.

"But before hanging him," my captor concluded, "I thought it best to bring him to you for interrogation. He may be a spy."

Goujon nodded.

"You were right," he said. "Receive my compliments. Tie him to that pole yonder. As for the woman, place her on my cot; we shall find means to revolve her," and he laughed menacingly. "You may retire," he added, "but stay within call."

They saluted and withdrew.

Goujon waited until the flap fell behind them. Then he approached me slowly, until he was quite near, and contemplated me with those snake's eyes of his—my face, my clothes, my shoes. Then, with a little smile of enjoyment, he turned away and bent above the cot, his hands clasped behind him. At last he turned to the table, took up a candle, and held the flame close to her lips. It flickered back and forth, and he set it down again with a chuckle of satisfaction.

Then he came back to me and stood for a moment gloating over me.

"So, Citizen Taverney," he said, at last, with an infernal smile, "you did not escape, after all!"

(To Be Continued.)

FREE BOOK ABOUT CANCER.

THE LEACH SANATORIUM, of Indianapolis, Ind., has published a book on cancer, which gives interesting facts about the cause of cancer; tells what to do in case of pain, bleeding, odor, etc., instructs in the care of the patient, and is in fact a valuable guide in the management of any case. The book is sent free to those interested who write for it, mentioning this paper.

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The FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do tis in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

Will some one tell me how to grow peanuts? If an early spring, I want to try raising some.—R., Lamont, Mich.

Can any one tell me what will remove corns from a horse's foot? Would appreciate an early reply.—W., Convoy, O.

What must I give my cows to break them of the habit of chewing wood?—S., Springboro, Pa.

I have some grapevines that bear splendidly, but the fruit rots before maturing. Would be pleased if some reader would give me a remedy for this.—D., Pikeville, Tenn.

My cows give bitter milk. What can I do for them? They are in good health.—C., Sheridan, Wyoming.

Would like to have a recipe for preparing milk for cheese.—G., Bremen, Ga.

HOTBEDS

The hot-bed should be at least 18 inches deep. Boards at least an inch thick should be nailed to the four posts. These posts should be stout, made of 4x6 scantling. Old windows, often procurable from wreckage, are used for the cover. The dirt should be rich, consisting of common garden dirt, some soot, fertilizer and sand. On warm days the glass should be lifted to allow a free circulation of air. The bed should be made before the last of February. One must watch the hot-bed carefully and keep it free from weeds. Protect it with old carpet or some heavy material on frosty nights.

GARDENING WITHOUT MANURE

A correspondent of the Rural New Yorker tells how he cultivates market garden crops without buying or hauling manure, with all land continuously used for hoed crops or berries, with very little opportunity for green manuring, with no stock except a horse and 75 to 100 chickens and no commercial fertilizer except wood ashes. His secret of success is this:

"Nothing is burned that can be plowed under, and all hoed crops receive the best cultivation known to modern agriculture."

He describes his methods as follows: "Nearly all the horse manure is spread on land in fall and spring, and plowed under. For carrots or mangels some hen manure is also plowed under, but is mostly used in drills for peas and beans in hills for sweet corn, melons, etc., or spread after plowing and harrowed in for root crops. I also use litter from hen-house floors in this way for all crops, and in drills for potatoes, and consider it a very valuable fertilizer. I have wood floors in my hen-houses, which are covered with an inch or two of loam during the summer. In the fall dry leaves—usually maple or oak—are spread on floors a foot deep, and more added from time to time throughout the winter. All dry grain is scattered in this litter to induce scratching. In the spring the floors are covered with a brown, powderlike compost of leaves and poultry droppings, perfectly dry and very convenient to handle. These finely powdered leaves furnish organic matter in a form that is very quickly available for plant food."

FEED LOT QUESTIONS

Answered for Readers Who Are Anxious to Improve Conditions.

Professor Herbert W. Mumford, Illinois College of Agriculture.

Balanced Rations for Calves.

Will you please give me the number of pounds of each of the following feeds that it will take to make a balanced ration for calves weighing from 400 to 450 lbs. each: Corn, sliced, worth per bu.....$ .50
Bran, per ton..... 23.00
Linseed oil meal, per ton 32.50
Clover hay, per ton 8.00
Should anything be added or left out to better the ration?

For choice native calves that are to be fattened in eight to ten months, I would recommend starting with two or three pounds of sliced or crushed ear corn, one-fourth pound linseed oil meal, eight pounds clover or alfalfa hay with free access to straw, corn stover (husked fodfed), or good pasture. The grain may be gradually increased to six pounds of corn and three-fourths pound oil meal during the first 15 days, and when on full feed at the end of 40 or 45 days a good ration is eight pounds corn and one and one-half pounds oil meal with about five pounds clover hay and what straw or stover they will eat. For the sake of variety the oil meal might be partially replaced by wheat bran, using two pounds bran in place of one pound of oil meal and slightly reducing the clover hay. The weight of hay can be estimated closely enough for practical purposes without weighing.

Western calves will not eat as much as natives. Choice 300-lb. Texas calves fed at this station were started gradually, as I have suggested above, and when on full feed they ate an average of about five pounds corn, three-fourths pound oil meal, five pounds clover hay and three pounds oat straw per head. The grain should be gradually increased and the roughage reduced after getting them on full feed until they are eating about twice as much grain as roughage.

If the calves are to be carried through the winter and fattened as yearlings next winter, a 400 to 500-pound calf may be fed about three pounds of corn with all the clover he will eat throughout the winter. If alfalfa is available, the roughage may be made half corn stover or straw to good advantage.

When Hogs Can Eat Meal.

"Our corn is costing us 60 cents per bushel and I have bought five tons of cottonseed meal at $27.35 per ton, delivered. I am feeding 60 head of steers and would like advice as to the amount per day that I should use, with ear corn and timothy and clover hay (mixed). We have hogs following the cattle, but thought the small amount that we will feed will not hurt them. Is the meal good to feed mares in foal? We have cattle on full feed of corn and will market one car about March 1 and the remainder in April."

I would advise feeding cottonseed meal to fattening cattle at the rate of three pounds daily per 1,000 pounds live weight of cattle, beginning with a small amount, say one-quarter of a pound per steer per day, and increasing gradually up to the amount specified. Hogs following cattle so fed will suffer no harm, while the meal would kill them if it were fed directly to them.

I would not advise the feeding of cottonseed meal to mares in foal.

BUILT A MONUMENT.

The Best Sort in the World.

"A monument built by and from Postum," is the way an Ill. man describes himself. He says:

"For years I was a coffee drinker until at last I became a terrible sufferer from dyspepsia, constipation, headaches and indigestion, and was a physical wreck.

"The different kinds of medicines I tried did not cure me, but finally some one told me to leave off coffee and take up Postom. I was fortunate in having the Postum made strictly according to directions on the pkg., so that from the start I liked it. It has a rich flavour and I made the change from coffee to Postum without any trouble.

"Gradually my condition changed. The old troubles disappeared and I began to get well again. My appetite became good and I could digest food. Now, I have been restored to strength and health. Can sleep sound all night and awake with a fresh and rested body. Everyone who meets me comments on my getting so plump and rosy.

"I am really a monument built by Postum, for I was a physical wreck, distressed in body and mind, and am now a strong healthy man. I know exactly what made the change, it was leaving off coffee and using Postum."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

It Pays to Raise Turkeys

SPREADING HIMSELF.

Many farmers have the impression firmly founded in their minds that raising turkeys on the farm is an expense and nuisance. The disposition of turkeys to wander from home and because of their determination to live upon the bounteous crops of their neighbors has wrought heaps of condemnation upon their heads and to such an extent that their presence has been almost entirely eliminated from the curriculum of farm live stock. In former years when the country was new and neighbors some distance apart the wandering disposition of the turkey was not looked upon as a serious fault, but in late years the more closely rural communities have been settled the more serious the turkey raising proposition has grown, until in some localities in late years the advisability of disposing of the large flocks of native birds seemed the only adequate solution to the contending difficulty.

As a rule turkeys do very little harm to growing grain crops, in fact poultrymen who have given the matter careful study are of the opinion that the insect life destroyed by the birds roaming over the fields is far more advantageous to plant life than the destruction caused by the turkeys tramping down grain and other growing crops. Instances are very common where a farmer will complain about his neighbor's turkeys wandering upon forbidden ground and doing him immeasurable damage, while in reality if a careful study of the situation was conducted the evidence collected would obviously show that the birds have done many times more benefit than injury to the growing crops. For years I kept a flock of turkeys on my farm. I always had a great love for turkeys, and while I found them very profitable I kept them more because I admired the fowls. However, one of my neighbors felt that my flock of turkeys was doing him great injury and rather than have any trouble I promised to dispose of the flock. This I did in the fall of the year. For two or three years I have been out of the turkey business. My neighbor who complained now has a boy about 16 years of age and he, too, greatly admires turkeys. His father could not resist the boy's wishes to own a few turkeys, so a year ago purchased a pair for the boy. Last season he raised 14 turkeys from the pair. All the past fall they have been roaming my fields, in fact practically lived off my side of the fence. There will be no trouble between my neighbor and myself regarding the injury done my crops, I know from years of experience the value of the turkey in picking up insects and worms, and while the flock is owned by my neighbor who complained, I shall cause him no trouble.

The turkey is the choicest fowl that can be taken to market, and when in good condition brings the highest price. Why then should not the farmer raise turkeys? There is no other domestic fowl so well adapted to the farm as turkeys and when properly handled they suffer very little disease. When allowed the run of the fields turkeys are free from lice and seldom ailing from improper feeding, two very common troubles attacking this specie of the bird family. It is very rare that they can be confined and made to do well. Their natural inclination is to wander back and forth across fields and through woodlots, where they pick up a large variety of natural food that keeps their digestive system strong and active.

Turkeys require but very little protection during the winter season. A number of farmers who have attempted turkey raising have misunderstood the habits of the turkey fowl. I was visiting a friend who lives some distance from me last winter, and on going through his house I found he had several turkeys housed along with his hens. The turkeys were not doing well and he was unable to discover what the trouble was. I told him that it was entirely unnatural for turkeys to be so closely house and they ought to be out in the open air more. When I raised turkeys I never gave them a particle of shelter except an open shed where they could stay during the day time and secure what food they needed. At night they roosted in the trees. I lost but very few birds and my breeding stock was always strong and vigorous. Turkeys do not want to be petted. They are naturally very hardy fowls and if left to themselves will be healthy.

The greatest difficulty in raising turkeys on the farm comes in when rearing the young stock. Every poultryman who keeps turkeys has a way of his own in feeding and growing his young stock. Some are more successful than others. It has always been my experience, and I have raised a great many turkeys, that the more natural I could keep the stock the better success I had. I always permitted the old turkey hens to steal their nests and bring off their broods. I endeavored to locate each hen before her time to hatch and in this way kept close watch of the nest to see that it was not molested. In case a hen went to the woodlot to make her nest I always gathered her eggs regularly and forced her to seek a new place. As a general rule the crows and wild animals molest the turkey more than any other fowl. I have been very successful handling turkey hens in the spring when setting time had arrived by placing barrels in corners of fences and covering them with brush. I would then feed the fowls near the place until they found the barrel, and after that things always worked out a success. To catch the hens and compel them to set near the building is folly.

The turkey is primarily a farm fowl. The farmer has a monopoly on this supply of meat for the market. There is no reason why more flocks of turkeys should not be found upon the farms of this country. That they are profitable is beyond further question and the fact that some farmers raise large flocks and sell on the holiday market for more than twice that received for any other kind of meat clearly demonstrates that they are a profitable adjunct to the farm. I have sold in former years over $100 worth of turkeys that I raised from nine breeding hens. The fact that turkeys obtain the large portion of their livelihood from insects and green forage, their growth and development is very rapid, and when fattened the same as other farm live stock make good gain. More farmers could make money every year raising a few turkeys for the holiday market. There is nothing that looks more prosperous than to see a large flock of bronze turkeys hurrying across the field on a cold, frosty November morning, at the call of their feeder.

TREATMENT OF WATER.

From MacMillan's Encyclopedia of Agriculture.

It may be said that it is possible to reach a safe conclusion as to whether water is good for potable purposes only by making special examinations at different times during the year. Every farmer should see to it that his well is located some distance from the barnyard. The water used for stock should be pumped into a reservoir which leads into a clean tank. Ponds should not be used unless the stock is prevented from going to them. When water from ponds is used it should be let out into a water trough. When possible deep wells should be used in place of shallow ones. In order to prevent the growth of algae and bacterial organisms, water should not be allowed to stand for any great length of time.

In many cases, water is so charged with algae and other organisms that it becomes necessary to remove them. This can be done by gathering the larger forms in drag-nets. Certain fresh water algae are extremely sensitive to copper sulfate solution. This plant is destroyed by a mixture of one part of copper sulfate to 25,000,000 of water: water scum by one part of copper sulfate to 10,000,000 of water; one of the common diatoms by one part of copper sulfate to 15,000,000 of water. Certain bacteria are destroyed when the proportions are one of the copper sulfate to 100,000 of water. At ordinary temperature, one part of copper sulfate to 100,000 of water destroys the typhoid fever and cholera organisms.

It is not likely that any harm will result from using water that has been treated with copper sulfate in the proportions given above. An eminent pharmacologist writes that when he was asked by a city official to give an opinion as to whether one part of copper in 1,000,000 parts of water would be harmful, he replied: "Assuming for purposes of argument that the copper remains in solution and is not deposited or rendered insoluble, this small quantity could not be harmful to persons even if they drank such water for a few days, since ordinary food, as bread and meat, contains two to three parts in the million. Some tissues, like the liver, contain as high as 30 parts in the million." And Moore and Kellerman conclude: "There is no authentic record of fatal copper poisoning, and many of the best authorities do not consider copper a true poison; they hold that it is a natural constituent of the body, and in minute quantities has no effect on man."

In the treatment of water, prevention is much better than cure; that is, every effort should be made to remove all sources of contamination. Understanding what the sources of pollution are, the farmer has the matter in his own hands.

Some Ways to Make Beef

From the Purdue university agricultural experiment station come a few suggestions on steer feeding, especially winter feeding, which includes (1) influence of age on the economy and profit of fattening steers in winter; (2) corn silage, cottonseed meal and clover hay for fattening 2-year-old steers, and (3) results of short versus long feeding periods. The purpose of the bulletin is "to enable the cattle feeder to appreciate the various factors which have a bearing upon the direct profits and losses in finishing cattle, such as age, type, condition and weight of steers as they go into the feed lot; the selections of rations which will produce cheap and rapid gains, with a high degree of finish, and the best use of farm-grown feeds supplemented by commercial concentrates." Just as comparative values the prices estimated for feeds used were: Corn, grade No. 2, 40 cents per bushel; cottonseed meal, 41 per cent crude protein content, yellow in color and free of hulls and of good flavor, $28 per ton; good clover hay, $8 per ton, and corn silage, $2.50 per ton.

The analysis of feeding stuffs:

Material—	Per cent water	Per cent ash	Crude protein, per cent	Crude fiber, per cent	Crude fat, per cent	Nitrogen-free extract	
Shelled corn	12.1	1.3	8.8	2.1	3.6	71.8	
Cottonseed meal	7.1	6.6	37.0	9.9	9.8	29.4	
Clover hay	12.4	5.4	8.7	22.4	1.5	49.3	
Corn silage	69.0	1.7	2.0	7.3	.6	19.5	

The excessive amount of water in the corn silage was due to the crop not being sufficiently ripened when harvested, and being stored in a way preventive of evaporation. As a rule the more water a feed contains the less is its value as to the amount of nutriment, but the succulence of silage helps abundantly the digestive organs of cattle and keeps the coats sleek and in a healthy condition. "Ash" in feed, the mineral matter, furnisher material for the production of bony structur and various tissues and secretions of the body. Its function is more important than is generally considered. Corn and corn silage have a small amount of ash compared to cottonseed meal and clover hay. Crude protein is most important. It enters into the make-up of muscle, tissue, hair and bone. The per cent of crude fiber in a feed classes it as a roughage or a concentrate, depending on whether there is much or little. The energy expended in masticating crude fiber takes away much of its value as a food. Nitrogen free extract furnishes heat, energy and body fat, as it contains gums, starch and sugar. Corn contains a large quantity of nitrogen free extract, thus its value to fatten animals. Crude fat serves the same purpose as corn in furnishing heat, energy and fat with the added quality of benefiting the digestive tract if fed sparingly.

When rations are selected for feeding the following should be considered: Amount of water, protein, crude fiber, nitrogen, free extract and fat, digestibility, palatability, physiological effect and cost.

Professors J. H. Skinner and W. A. Cochel, authors of bulletin 136, give the following conclusions:

1. Amount of feed consumed, daily gain and profit per steer increased with age of the cattle.

2. Two-year-old cattle, on full feed and like conditions, finish better during six months feeding than yearlings or calves.

3. Margin of profit between buying and selling prices increases with age of cattle. In yearlings and 2-year-old steers it was $2.25 per hundred pounds, of calves $2.00 for the same amount.

4. An increase of 10c per bushel in price of corn required a corresponding increase in selling price of 2-yearlolds, 41c per hundred; of yearlings, 42c; of calves, 40c.

5. Price received in winter of 1908-9 per bushel of corn fed with clover hay, 73.1c; with clover hay and cottonseed meal, 79.3c; with clover hay meal

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QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prizes of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

GAME LAWS OF MISSOURI

Will you kindly give the game laws of the state of Missouri in the columns of the Question Bureau?—P. W. G., Augusta, Okla.

The open seasons for hunting in Missouri are, for deer, males only (no open season for does), Nov.-Jan. 1; squirrels (gray, black and fox), July 1-Dec. 22; quail (bob white, partridge), wild turkey, Nov. 1-Jan. 1; ruffed grouse (pheasant), prairie chicken (pinnated grouse), Mongolian, Chinese and English pheasants, woodcock and other game birds, resident, migratory or imported, not here provided with a season, no open season; dove and plover, Sept. 1-Jan. 1; snipe, duck, goose and brant, Sept. 15-May 1.

GIFFORD PINCHOT

Why did Taft remove Gifford Pinchot from office, and please give a biography of the ex-forester?—H. B., Beaverton, Mich.

The primary cause for Taft's removal of Pinchot was that the latter caused Senator Dolliver to read in the senate chamber a letter which attacked Secretary of Interior Ballinger and his methods.

Gifford Pinchot was born at Simsbury, Conn., Aug. 11, 1865, son of James and Mary E. (Eno) Pinchot, and grandson of Constantine Cyril Desire Pinchot, a native of Perteuil, France, who, for his political faith, came to America in 1815, settling at Milford, Pa., where he became a merchant with large western interests. Gifford Pinchot attended Phillips Exeter academy, and was graduated at Yale university in 1889. His love of the woods was a passion from childhood, and while he found time to captain the college football team, and carried off several of the most coveted of the college prizes, he also won for himself the reputation of being "mad on trees."

Deciding to take up forestry, in October, 1889, he went to England to consult with the men best able to direct his studies. As a result of his observations and after having spent some time in examining the forestry exhibit at the Paris exposition he entered the Ecole Nationale Forestiere, at Nancy. Early in 1890 he began field work in the French Alps and the Vosges, and after further study in Switzerland, Germany and Austria, returned to America. In 1891 he traveled in Arizona, Arkansas, California, Oregon, Washington and British Columbia, and aided in the preliminary examination of George Vanderbilt's forest at Biltmore, N. C., where, in January, 1892, he began the first systematic forest work done in the United States. In December, 1891, he opened an office in New York city, as consulting forester, and was engaged for the next three years in miscellaneous work in various sections of the country.

He was a member of the commission appointed by the National Academy of Sciences in 1896, at the request of the secretary of the interior, to investigate and report upon the inauguration of a rational forest policy for the lands of the United States, and thus helped to lay the foundation of the nation's present forest policy, which he was shortly to become the chief agent in developing.

On July 1, 1898, Mr. Pinchot was appointed chief of the division of forestry in the U. S. department of agriculture, and here confronted him the real task of bringing the public to a realization of the economic importance of forest preservation, and gathering the technical knowledge and staff necessary to put forestry into actual practice in the United States. There were then less than 10 professional foresters in the country and no science of literature of American forestry was in existence, while little practical work in this direction had as yet been attempted by the division. The broadened activity of the latter led to its reorganization as the "bureau of forestry," July 1, 1901. On Feb. 1, 1905, the administration of the forest reserves was transferred by act of congress from the department of the interior to the department of agriculture. The development of all their resources now began in earnest, and the bureau became the "forest service."

Under Mr. Pinchot's guidance the policy originally recommended by the committee of 1897 was practically carried to conclusion, and to make clear the purpose of securing their fullest use the forest reserves were designated as "national forests." The growth of the service is illustrated by the increase of its expenditures from $28,520 in 1800 to $3,894,870 in 1909; while its receipts, of which there were none in the first-named year, grew to $1,765,000 in 1909. In 1908 a committee of the house of representatives investigated the methods of the forestry service. The report said the system on which the department was conducted was as good as those of the best business concerns and superior to that of any other in the government service.

Mr. Pinchot received the honorary degree of M. A. from Yale university in 1901 and from Princeton in 1904, that of Sc. D. from Michigan Agricultural college in 1907, and that of LL. D. from McGill university in 1909. In 1903 he was elected professor of forestry in Yale university. Prior to this he founded, with his father, mother and brother, the Yale School of Forestry at Grey Towers, Milford, Pa. He is the author of The White Pine, in collaboration with Prof. Henry S. Graves (1896); The Adirondack Spruce (1898); A Primer of Forestry (1899), as well as the article on forestry in the United States in the Encyclopedia Britanica, and numerous other contributions to the literature of forestry and the conservation of national resources. He is a member of the Society of American Foresters, Washington Academy of Sciences, American Museum of Natural History, National Academy of design, and the Century, Yale and University clubs of New York, University club of Chicago, Graduates' club of New Haven, and the Cosmos and Metropolitan clubs of Washington. He is unmarried.

The great movement for the development of the inland waterways of the country had its origin in the mind of Mr. Pinchot. At the meeting of governors from all states and territories held at the White House in May, 1908, President Roosevelt said: "I want to say here that if it had not been for Gifford Pinchot this conference never would or never could have been held."

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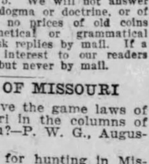

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RELIGIOUS DENOMINATIONS

Have you statistics giving the number of people who follow each Christian religion in the world?—D. C. C., Martinsburg, W. Va.

Of the English-speaking religious communities of the world there are 29,220,000 Episcopalians, 18,650,000 Methodists of all descriptions, 15,500,000 Roman Catholics, 12,250,000 Presbyterians of all descriptions, 9,230,000 Baptists of all descriptions, 6,150,000 Congregationalists of all descriptions, 5,250,000 Free Thinkers, 2,800,000 Lutherans, 2,600,000 Unitarians, 5,500,000 belonging to minor sects and 17,000,000 of no particular religions.

THERMOMETERS

Will you please tell the difference between a mercury and an alcohol thermometer, and the points at which they will freeze?—C. M. B., Marcy, Minn.

Neither the mercury or the alcohol thermometer is good for measuring extreme temperatures because of their freezing and boiling points. Mercury freezes at 39 degrees centigrade, below zero. Alcohol freezes at 130 degrees centigrade, below zero. They cannot be used in measuring high temperatures because of their low boiling points.

ELMER E. BROWN

Please give a short sketch of the life of Elmer E. Brown.—A. M. H., Quaker City, Ohio.

Elmer Ellsworth Brown, the educator, was born August 28, 1861. In 1881 he graduated from a normal college in the state of Illinois and then entered the University of Michigan, from which he graduated in 1889. After studying in different German universities for a short time, he was married and began to engage in nothing in several of the prominent schools and colleges throughout the country. Since 1906 he has been United States commissioner of education.

GEORGE MEREDITH

Please print a brief biography of George Meredith and name some of his works.—R. P. H., Leechburg, Pa.

George Meredith, the English novelist and poet, was born February 12, 1828. After being partly educated in Germany, he returned to England and took up the study of law. At the age of 21 Meredith published his first poem and others followed in quick succession. In 1859 his great novel, The Ordeal of Richard Feverel, was published. It is concerned with the moral aspects of education and by many critics is classed as his finest work. Among his works are Evan Harrington, Sandra Belloni, The Adventures of Harry Richmond, and many others. For years after his work was well known to a few cultivated readers the world at large was wholly ignorant of it. About 1885 it began to attract an increasing number of English readers, and the efforts of a few young American critics the next year revealed Meredith to Americans and won for him a moderate popularity here. He still remains unread by the general public, where his subtlety, wilfulness and rugged style will always repel, but his audience if not large, is appreciative and discriminating.

THE WHITE HOUSE

Please tell what you can concerning the residence of the President at Washington. —P. P., Speedwell, N. C.

The White House is the official residence of the President of the United States. The name arose from the fact that the building is built of freestone and painted white. It is 170 feet long, 86 feet deep and two stories in height. The portico is Ionic and the main entrance faces the north. The reception rooms are on the first floor and the private apartments of the President are on the second. The reception rooms include the Blue room, used for diplomatic functions, the East room, used for public receptions, and the Red and Green rooms. The original official residence was begun in 1792 and was first occupied in 1800 by Adams, but in 1814 it was burned by the British and four years later rebuilt. During recent years executive offices have been built on the grounds and connected with the residence proper.

THE SPANISH ARMADA

Please give an account of the Spanish Armada—A. A. A., West Alexander, Pa.

In 1588 Philip II., of Spain, fitted out a great naval armament with a view of conquering English with it. The fleet consisted of 131 vessels and many smaller ships of war, and carried 19,000 marines and 8,000 sailors. The ships had scarcely quitted Lisbon when they were scattered by a storm and had to be refitted. Advancing in the form of a half moon seven miles in extent, it came in sight, off Plymouth, of the English fleet, scarcely numbering 80 sail, and commanded by Lord Howard, who, endeavored by dexterous seamanship, and the discharge of well-directed volleys of shot at alternately long and short distances, to damage the vessels of the enemy. Some of these either fell into the hands of the English or were destroyed. Arriving off of Dunkirk the armada was becalmed and thrown into such confusion by the arrival in the fleet of eight fireships sent by the English admiral, that on the next morning Lord Howard was able to attack it on several sides. Though the Spanish bravely resisted their vessels were destroyed or fell into the hands of the English and the Dutch, and in consequence their commander resolved to abandon the enterprise, conceiving of the idea of taking his fleet around the northern coast of Great Britain. But a violent hurricane now broke out and the larger part of their ships were dashed upon the rocks and scattered in all directions. The armada is said to have lost in the open sea 72 large vessels, exclusive of the smaller craft, and 10,188 men, while every family of distinction in Spain had to mourn the loss of one or more of its members. Only about 50 vessels reached Spain on the return trip.

MANUFACTURE OF SALT

Will you tell me how salt is obtained?—M. F. M., Maysville, W. Va.

Salt is obtained in the United States in several different forms and ways. From the mines it comes in blocks, and from strong brines it is obtained by evaporation or boiling by solar or artificial heat. Boiling is either conducted by putting it into long wooden troughs containing steam pipes, or in large open pans of iron or steel with direct heat beneath them, or in large vacuum pans in which the brine is boiled at a comparatively low pressure, or it is heated in closed tubles at a temperature much higher than that at which brine boils under ordinary atmospheric pressure.

MONEY

Will you please tell me how money gets into circulation?—G. W. M., Dowagiac, Mich.

There are four different kinds of legal tender in this country. They are gold and silver coins, gold and silver certificates, treasury notes, and national bank notes. When gold bullion is brought to the government mint to be coined the person to whom the gold belongs is paid by the government in gold coin, while those bringing silver bullion are paid in silver certificates. Owing to the fact that gold easily wears away and that a gold coin, after being in circulation for some time, would lose some of the gold, the value deteriorates. There would not be the full amount of gold in the coin and the actual value would be less than the face value. The government instead of allowing the gold to circulate puts it into its vaults and issues certificates of deposit which entitle the holder to the face value of the certificate if he presents it at the treasury, and he is given the amount of gold it calls for. The same is done with the silver, but merely because silver is too heavy to carry around in large quantities. The silver certificates are in the form of one and two dollar bills. Treasury notes are merely promissory notes issued by the government. No certain amount has been deposited in the United States treasury for them, but the government's credit is behind them. National bank notes are the same as the treasury notes with the exception that instead of being issued by the government they are issued by the national banks, whose credit is good, for the government backs them.

HYDROPHOBIA

Please give the symptoms of hydrophobia in animals.—J. H. K., Wheatland, Ia.

The early symptoms in the dog is an unusual restlessness. When lying down he moves about suddenly; and, without any apparent cause, he will get up and move to some other place and repeat his action again after a little time. He will apparently stare at some very distant object or listen to some unusual sound. The lazy dog will become active, will follow his master or a team for several hours at a time. These symptoms are usually present for a day or two. The dog then becomes cross. He will be rough with stock if sent to drive them. He seems to see imaginary things, and will snap at the air as if trying to bite the imaginary objects. He hunts for unusual places to rest. About this time he becomes vicious and will attack other dogs and will bite other stock. He will not bite a person till the disease is well advanced. As the trouble advances he will show a desire to travel from home or about the place aimlessly. He rarely goes out of his way to bite a person or animal, and if the person or animal remains quiet he will generally pass by without noticing them. If he is placed in restraint he becomes desperate and will make efforts to break loose. He will have convulsions and generally dies in one of them.

The symptoms in the horse are standing nervously, rubbing the nose or part which has been bitten, snapping at other horses and the attendant, eating, and then suddenly stopping as if listening. He is nervous and restless in the stable. He has short spells in which he shows decidedly vicious tendencies and then quiets down. As the disease progresses these vicious spells become more marked and prolonged. The animal will attack others if near; will attempt to demolish the stall or inclosure, will rub the part viciously at which the original bite took place, and in his frenzy may tear out the flesh with his teeth. He has frequent convulsions, and dies in one of the attacks.

The symptoms are quite similar in cattle. They first show increased attention to their surroundings, with lapses of dullness. Long strings of ropy saliva will hang from the corners of the mouth. They become nervous, irritable, will butt other animals; cows will bellow like the male; they will paw the earth, attempt to escape from the inclosure, and do injury to whatever may be in their way. They usually become paralyzed in the hind parts and are unable to walk. They have convulsions, and usually die in one of the attacks.

Pigs become nervous, excitable, crawl under straw or any object they can get under. They try first one place and then another. They clamp the jaws, and saliva flows freely. They will back up into a corner, squeal, and paw the ground. They will run, charge the stock, attempt to break out of the inclosure, and have convulsions.

Sheep huddle together and will back up into a corner of a pen as though they were to be attacked. They bleat in a most pitiful manner. They stamp the ground, butt, run wildly about, and have convulsions. The sexual excitement in cattle, sheep and pigs is often a very marked characteristic in the early stage.

The course of the disease is much the same in all of these animals. The duration of the disease is from two to six days, and always ends fatally. The period of incubation is from 15 to 100 days, usually between 20 to 30 days; 85 per cent of the cases will occur under 45 days.

JAMES J. CORBETT

Please tell about the different fights Corbett has been engaged in, the number of rounds fought and the place of the fight. When was Corbett born?—P. B., Panther, W. Va.

James J. Corbett was born September 1, 1866, in San Francisco, Cal. He is six feet one inch in height and weighs 187 pounds. He lost a four-round fight with Billy Welch in San Francisco, and lost on a foul in New York in a nine-round fight with Tom Sharkey. He fought to a draw with Jack Burke, eight rounds, in San Francisco; Frank Glover, three rounds, in San Francisco; Joe Choynski, Campbell, 10 rounds, in Portland; Peter Jackson, 61 rounds, in San Francisco, and Tom Sharkey, four rounds, in the same city.

He knocked out Billy Welch, one round, San Francisco; Joe Choynski, 27 rounds, Benecia, Cal.; John L. Sullivan, 21 rounds, New Orleans; Charlie Mitchell, three rounds, Jacksonville; Peter Courtney, six rounds, Orange, N. J., and Kid McCoy, five rounds, New York.

Corbett was knocked out by Fitzsimmons, 14 rounds, Carson City; Jim Jeffries, 23 rounds, Coney Island, and Jim Jeffries, 10 rounds, San Francisco.

He won in his fights with Joe Choynski, four rounds, in San Francisco; Jake Kilrain, six rounds, New Orleans; Tom McCaffery, four rounds, Brooklyn; Ed Kinney, four rounds, Milwaukee; Bill Spillings, one round, New York, and Bob Caffrey, on round, New York.

The police stopped a four-round fight with Joe Choynski in Fairfax, Cal. There was no decision in a three-round McVey, three rounds, New York.

His exhibition fights were with Mike Donovan, three rounds, New York; John L. Sullivan, four rounds, San Francisco; Jim Mall, four rounds, Chicago, and Jim McVey, three rounds, Ne York.

TOM SHARKEY

Please tell all you can about Tom Sharkey and his fights.—B. M., Panther, W. Va.

Tom Sharkey was born November 26, 1873. He is five feet eight and one-half inches in height and weighs 180 pounds, thus making him a heavyweight. In 1893 he knocked out J. Gardner, J. Pickett, L. J. Langley, Jim Harvey, Jack Welsh and Jim Barrington. The following year he knocked out Jack Langley, Rough Thompson, Rough Thompson, Mick Burley, George Washington, Billy Tate, Jim Dunn, Jack McAuley, Jack Marks and Sailor Brown.

In 1895 he knocked out Billy Smith and John Miller. In 1896 he knocked out Joe Choynski and Jim Williams, won on a foul with Bob Fitzsimmons, fought to a draw with Alex Greggains, James J. Corbett, and there was no decision in a fight with John L. Sullivan.

In 1897 he knocked out Joe Goddard, Joe Craig, Pat McCourt, Tom Parks and Punch Vaughn, and fought to a draw with J. Williams and Peter Maher.

In 1898 he knocked out Gus Ruhlin, won over James J. Corbett, lost with James Jeffries, fought to a draw with Joe Choynski, and gave exhibitions with Jimmy Scanlon and John Cavanaugh.

In 1899 he knocked out Kid McCoy and Jack McCormick, lost to James Jeffries and fought on exhibition with Tommy Ryan.

In 1900 Sharkey was knocked out by Bob Fitzsimmons, lost to Gus Ruhlin, and knocked out Joe Goddard, Jim Jeffords, Jim McCormick, Tommy Conroy, Joe Choynski and Yank Kenny.

In the following year he knocked out Fred Russell, lost on a foul with Pete Everett, lost to Gus Ruhlin, and there was no decision in the cases of Peter Maher and Jack Munroe.

HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONS

Please give the names of the heavyweight prize fighters since the time of John L. Sullivan.—W. L., Lucerne, Ind.

John L. Sullivan lost the heavyweight championship to James J. Corbett, who in turn lost it in 1897 to Robert Fitzsimmons. Fitzsimmons held the championship for two years when James J. Jeffries on it from him. In 1905 Jeffries retired without having been defeated, but he refereed a fight between Marvin Hart and Jack Root and presented the winner with his title to defend it against all comers. Hart won the fight, but lost the title when Tommy Burns defeated him the following year. The present heavyweight champion is Jack Johnson, though Jeffries is considered as the undefeated champion.

MISCELLANEOUS

L. B. L., Smithfield, Pa.: No such amendment to the constitution as you mention was ever put before the states for ratification.

E. W. D., Winston Salem, N. C.: If the shares of stock are worth $100 at par, a point is the same as $1, while if the shares are worth only $1 or below the points are one cent each.

G. M. T. Stevens, W. Va.: The collier which Hobson sank in the Spanish-American war was not the same vessel that was engaged in battle with the Monitor in the civil war.

E. F. M., Iola, Ill.: The present century is the twentieth century.

W. B. W., Chilhowie, Va.: The Jews have always been the principal inhabitants of the city of Jerusalem.

J. S., Benton, Ky.: The "a" in Halley is given the short sound, and the last two letters are pronounced like long "e."

J. H. L., Shepherd, Mich.: Male deer shed their horns every season.

S. D. B., Janesville, Ill.: We have no means of obtaining a biography of Carrie Nation.

E. E. D., Chillicothe, O.: We cannot give the process of grinding lenses for small telescopes.

J. W., Ludington, Mich., and H. C., Jamestown, Pa.: There are recruiting stations in all the principal towns of the United States. Write to one of them for the information you want concerning enlistment.

R. M. B., Claridge, Pa.: A rear-admiral of the U. S. navy has charge of a certain number of ships.

A. F. R., Utica, O.: The soldiers' national home in Virginia is in the town of Hampton, and the home in Tennessee is in Johnson City.

J. W. S., Mitchell, Ind.: As we have said many times before the Nasby letters are out of print. Will the readers please keep this in mind and not continually ask us the same question?

I. H. B., Andalusia, Ill.: The market price for pork is quoted per hundredweight and not per barrel.

What He Got

A good many years ago in the state of Iowa there was a small boy hoeing potatoes in a farm lot by the roadside. A man came along in a fine buggy and driving a fine horse. He looked over the fence, stopped and said: "Bub, what do you get for hoeing these potatoes?"

"Nothin' ef I do," said the boy, "and hell ef I don't."—Saturday Evening Post.

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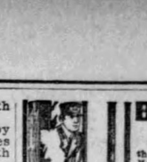

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PREMIUM WATCH AWARD.

The Blade premium watch for the month of February has been awarded to Silas Douglas, of Sabina, Ohio, he having sent in a club of 165 names.

Mr. Pinchot talks like a man who thinks twice before he speaks.

Snowslides are a sign of spring that the country could do without.

Nearly all the interesting things women writers say are about the men.

The Philadelphia strike is more brutal than either football or prize fighting.

John D. Rockefeller seems to have more money than an assessor can count.

Poets are getting practical. One of them reports having traded a love song for a ham.

Mr. Pinchot doesn't appear to be one of the kind of witnesses who can't remember.

It is not probable that Commander Peary will try to wear all the medals that are given him.

Mr. Taft has finished his first year as President, and no doubt feels that he has earned his salary.

If congress builds a house in Washington for the vice-president, what color will it be painted?

Maryland has adopted Black-eyed Susan as the state flower, but she won't let the women vote.

James A. Patten announces that he has all the money he wants. He must be a very unhappy man.

Young John D. Rockefeller is going to have a nice job. Giving away money should be pleasant work.

One man recently mistook Uncle Joe Cannon for a preacher and escaped without injury.

One astronomer says there may be 50,000,000 comets. Evidently comets breed pretty rapidly.

The price of battleships has gone up to $18,000,000, but even at that they are cheaper than war.

In advising women to learn to cook Dr. Wiley has reference, of course, to those who do not know how.

Mr. Roosevelt is not coming home with the sleeping sickness. Thus another prophecy will have gone wrong.

The world is getting better. Nobody has thought of the idea of hanging Senator Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree.

In one Ohio county a nest containing eighty-five fresh eggs was found. The hens must be getting the merger idea.

Uncle Joe Cannon says he can sing a little. But it would be safe to bet there are times when he doesn't feel like it.

Some men have a system for making money. Mr. Rockefeller is going to adopt one for the purpose of giving his away.

By forgetting self and keeping his mind on conservation Mr. Pinchot may make some of his enemies feel uncomfortable.

"Rockefeller will aid all Americans," is the way a headline reads. But don't write to him for money. He isn't going to do it that way.

"If anyone, wants to marry me he must marry me for myself," says Margery Cunard. Margery has money, but she isn't looking for a count.

The Nebraska convict who has built an aeroplane would like to go out and test it, but the prison authorities fear he might make a successful flight.

The gas around Halley's comet, it is said, may cause a slight irritation of the throat and nostrils. If that is all it won't be any worse than a case of hay fever.

"Don't kill the robins that are enroute to the breeding places," says a southern newspaper. Don't kill the robins under any circumstances would be better advice.

When asked about the cherry tree incident young George Washington didn't say, "I don't remember." Therefore he would not have made a good witness in a trust investigation.

"Is the cackle an integral part of the hen's productivity," asks a Boston paper. Not necessarily. Close observes may have noted that the rooster of the flock does the most cackling.

The Ohio hen that laid fourteen eggs in nine days and established a record is dead. The dispatches don't say what caused her death, but it may have been a case of nervous prosperity.

A Boston physician says "woman has no stability of purpose, no discrimination, does not and cannot understand, that she is wofully incompetent." That is a poor opinion for a man to have of his mother.

A French scientist says that "when the tail of a comet becomes entangled in the earth's atmosphere serious floods may result." It is doubtful, however, if Ohio river floods are ever caused by a comet's tail getting over the line, as it were.

HONOR FIRST.

The disclosures of political dishonesty at Albany, as repulsive as they are, have still had their heartening effect. Senator Depew and the state Republican chairman, Timothy Woodruff, have been urging the investigators to keep their examination within as narrow a field as possible. This has brought forth two statements, one from the President of the United States and the other from the governor of New York, which cannot but prove most stimulating to those who are sanguine of the ultimate cleansing away of bribery and corruption.

The President says:

I am the last one to advocate any halt in the prosecution and condemnation. It should be well understood that any halt or failure to condemn corruption will be properly visited upon the party itself, however many good men it contains.

The governor's statement is:

We want party harmony. We want to work together as a party. If we are to have party harmony that amounts to anything, it must be the harmony of health; it must be the harmony of party soundness; it must be the party harmony that has nothing in it which fails to represent the demand of the people and that the party—that the government of the state—shall be pure and honest and faithful.

This is not a time to retire in dismay from any disclosure. The party can stand anything except being untrue to itself and allying itself with the evil that may be in it. It needs to purge itself of evil; it needs to get rid of that which can justly be condemned, and to show itself before the people, what it really is representative of—I say it without disparagement to the honorable men who are in other parties—representing the sound judgment and conscience of the electorate of the state of New York.

It is to the men in high office that the public looks for the pattern of political righteousness. The disclosures at Albany may bring catastrophe to the Republican party of New York, but whether they do or not, Mr. Taft and Mr. Hughes insist that every bribe be described and every thief punished. The party is not to be saved at the price of dishonor, the views of Depew and Woodruff notwithstanding.

THE INCOME TAX.

Governor Hughes, of New York, set forth a number of objections to the legislative endorsement of the proposal to give congress the power to fix a federal tax upon incomes. His most serious criticism was that the general treasury would be enabled to collect taxes upon earnings from state and municipal bonds, for which exemptions were specifically provided at present.

Senator Elihu Root has issued a long, formal answer to Governor Hughes. He goes deeply into the subject and reviews the history of the tax in the adminstration of President Cleveland. There are now appearing answers to Senator Root, just as long and apparently just as learned.

The vital point about the subject of the income tax is ignored by Governor Hughes, Senator Root and the critics of the senator. That point is the American people are determined that those who derive the greatest benefit from the security and liberties assured by our governmental institutions shall carry the greater burden of their cost. The income tax and the corporation tax are to be levied upon the property of those who have the most. No other scheme has, so far, been devised or experimented with which can carry out the intentions of the people better. Casuistry and quotations from the tomes of history and the law are only waste of words and breath.

NARROW TRAINING VS. BROAD.

Specialization has been help up as one of the improvements made in the present era over the old. Highly trained experts have been developed. Subjects have been delved into more deeply and new possibilities for gaining benefits discovered because men could keep their attention unwavering upon one line of thought. But this concentration has not brought good everywhere. The Railway Age Gazette points out a very serious flaw in the doctrine of specialization.

The passenger man seldom has a chance to learn much about the handling of freight traffic, or the freight man about the handling of passenger traffic. The freight traffic on most American roads is much the more important. Consequently, when a traffic manager or vice president in charge of traffic is to be chosen the ranking freight traffic officer usually is selected. In his higher position he is pretty sure to devote most of his fostering attention to his first and favorite child, the freight business. He is apt to underestimate the importance and possibilities of the passenger business. Perhaps this natural inattention of the higher traffic officers to the passenger business is the main reason why the management of most steam roads overlooked the immense amount of latent local passenger business there was in the country until the electric lines came along and developed it, and also wrested from the steam roads a large part of their existing local business.

The profession of the expert has been developed more in the railroad industry than elsewhere. Naturally the railroads have been the first to learn its limitations. It will be interesting to see if they abandon the business of encouraging specialists and admit there is something in the old way of thinking that the broadly trained workman made the best.

FLOODS AND FORESTS.

The bulk of the news dispatches sent out from cities and towns in this section of the middle west has dealt with floods and the threat of floods. High water is bringing hardships to the dwellers in the lowlands of the Ohio and in parts of that river's watershed. Pittsburg is experiencing its seasonable uneasiness over the sweeping waters of the Allegheny and the Monongahela. Ice gorges in the reaches of the Maumee above Grand Rapids are menacing. Sandusky has suffered considerable damage and inconvenience because of the sudden rise of one small stream.

For the first time since its publication, opportunity has been taken to read fully the curious document issued by the head of the weather bureau—at government expense—the inspiration for which is said to have been to curry favor with the anti-conservation members of congress. The author starts out with an acknowledgment of a change of opinion and closes with a set of conclusions intended to prove that deforestration has no influence upon floods, either in hastening them or making them more frequent. The motive underlying the argument makes it unnecessary to discuss the entire bulletin, but we copy part of one sentence:

Granting * * * that deforestration might be responsible for general floods over a watershed, it would be necessary, in order to prevent them, to reforest the lower levels, with their vastly greater areas, an impossibility unless valuable agricultural lands are to be abandoned as food-producing areas.

Why should it be impossible to reforest the lower levels? Stream control in place, as any farmer is aware, can be obtained by the planting of trees. Owners of irrigation ditches have found it profitable to plant the quick-growing willows beside them. Ravines and creeks keep to their normal beds, brooks wear away their banks but slowly, where trees with their deep, entangling roots hold the soil and clay in place. It has even been found that sand dunes on sea and lake beaches can be conquered with grass and trees. Reforestration that would count would not be necessary over the entire area. It should be sufficient to give the steep hillsides that cannot be cultivated to tree growths, waste and stony land and that from which the farmer can expect little return because of meagreness of soil or proper soil ingredients, stream sides, lanes and highways, plots about houses, fence rows and the hollows and rougher uplands of meadows. Trees will grow where corn and wheat starve. Such plantings, which would be largely connected and would include the woodlots and orchards, might, in the state of Ohio alone, constitute as large an area of true forest as there existed in Ohio before settlement, remembering that large tracts of prairie and bog broke up and diversified the old contour.

The relation of the trees to floods has been demonstrated to every resident of long standing in the Maumee valley. The facts do not allow of argument. It is such a case as that of the man in jail. "They hain't no right to put me here, maybe, Boss, but yere I be." Should floods continue to prove a menace almost yearly, such as they have become in this valley in the last decade, we may have seriously to undertake the costly work of furthering tree planting within this entire drainage basin. Complete reforestration is out of the question, but partial reforestration as outlined is surely a measure of practicability.

WHAT KNOX GAINED.

There is a tendency to condemn the secretary of state because Russia and Japan declined so heatedly to agree with the proposal to have the powers guarantee the neutrality of the Manchurian railroads. We suspect that the administration does not feel in the least rebuffed. It obtained that which it desired—a showing of hands.

Japan plays the old game of diplomacy. This is to conceal intention and policies in a fog of suavity and fabrication. Nippon has insisted many times that it had no territorial ambition in Manchuria. The door was to be kept open. The railroads were no more than commercial enterprises. While Japanese farmers were settling in the country and Japanese merchants were founding branch houses and agencies, they did so entirely upon their own risk and with no more encouragement from the government than would be given by any nation to those who increase her trade. The Knox note caused a display of the true policy. Japan is trying to get as much in Manchuria as she can by any means, whether Chinese rights or treaty pledges give countenance or not. Russian ambition is disclosed. The hope of reconquering the territory lost has not been given up. St. Petersburg still beholds the necessity for an open water harbor in eastern Asia in order that Siberia may attain the fullest development possible.

The Knox note was worth more than the paper it was written upon. It was valuable as showing Americans what a little distance they may go with investments in eastern China without causing trouble with Japan. And this, in these days of delicate treading in our relations with Tokio, ought to count for a good deal.

THE PROFITABLE BLUNDER.

An extraordinary amount of discussion has followed the refusal of the pope to see former Vice President Fairbanks, who had expressed a desire to pay his respects at the Vatican.

We are not concerned with the questions of etiquette involved, which so greatly excited the Catholic press, or with the jubilation so unsuccessfully hidden in the tone of the periodicals which purport to represent Methodist thought. Rather we are interested in the person of the man Fairbanks. He is keeping discreetly silent. He hasn't anything to say. But you may be sure he is enjoying the situation hugely. He is getting the publicity he desires—and possibly sought.

Fairbanks has been rounding the world with the pomp and circumstance that might go with a sort of second Grant tour. He has called upon prince and potentate, addressed civic organizations and submitted to newspaper interviews, which are reproduced with faithful regularity in his newspaper at home. Innocent people in foreign parts have assumed that Fairbanks is a distinguished citizen of America, and the shrewd advance agent of Fairbanks has fostered the assumption. True, the traveler is distinguished, since he has held high office, but in a like sense "Fingy" Connors and "Boss" Cox are notables. Every office and every honor Fairbanks has had has come to him through machine politics, and the one who considered him a great public character would be foolish enough to swallow the mawkish stuff and silly flattery issued by this official biographer—he of the "log cabin" myth.

The religious press looks upon the affair in Rome as a blunder, though from varying views. But let not these writers take it for granted that Fairbanks considers it a blunder. He'd like to make a dozen others like it if they would attract a corresponding amount of public attention.

An agricultural college in New York has discovered how to change the color of eggs by feeding the hens a prepared dye. But who would want a hen to lay Easter eggs the year round?

The Philadelphia strike could not have been much worse had it taken place in Chicago.

TAFT'S FIRST YEAR.

The first year of President Taft's administration has undoubtedly been disappointing to his friends, to the country, speaking broadly, and most of all, probably to the President himself. Those who were nearest to him at the outset are doubly grieved because they share the general feeling that the year has not turned out as well for the administration as they hoped and believed that it would, and also because they sympathize with the President's sense of great injustice.

In some degree there are millions of Americans in that position—men who are conscious that the first Taft year has not met the country's expectations and that it has resulted, also, in widespread misrepresentation of the President himself and of the methods, aims and fruits of his administration. A very large part of the people are not altogether satisfied themselves with the way things have gone at Washington, and yet they are well aware that the head of the national government has been unjustly condemned and unfairly criticized. Comparatively few intelligent and well-informed Americans who seek to judge the President with entire candor and give him full credit are altogether clear in their present views of his record. They find some difficulty in defining their exact feeling toward the administration. It is not so hard to state their opinion of Mr. Taft himself.

On this latter point the country still stands, in the main, where it did when he was elected. It believes in the honesty and goodness of heart of Taft, the man. It is sure of the high aims and beneficent plans of Taft, the President. It has not lost the old faith in him as a citizen, a judge, a patriot. One source of much fault-finding and doubting is the uncertainty as to the ability of the President to stamp his administration with his own personality and hold it in a grip strong enough to keep it altogether on safe ground. In other words, the country is distrustful of the effect of the President's environment upon his actions and his attitude. It feels that in some things of great importance he has been ill-advised. This is true of the political side of his work and his course rather than the strictly governmental. Mr. Taft is unduly impressed with the importance of keeping party machinery in good order. He exaggerates the usefulness, in carrying broad policies into effect, of an appearance, at least, of harmony among active politicians. He has been too ready to trust party leaders as interpreters of public sentiment.

This is the chief source of the discontent of the country, in so far as that discontent is real and of a nature which may last beyond the passing of a flurry of adroitly worked up and maliciously planned hostility. The people do not feel that the President is as near to them as his predecessor was—comparisons being inevitable—and they miss the familiar effect of intimacy with the master of the White House. They find messages to congress just what the phrase implies, not preachments to the country over the heads of senators and representatives.

Actions require time to speak louder than words, and one year is not long enough to permit the carrying through of definite results of many features of a new President's program. Congress drags and hesitates. Often it balks, and the country does not always and at once discriminate between the White House and the capitol.

But underlying all of these surface conditions there is solid foundation for the ground which the President's supporters take—that he has done well for his country, not ill; that it has prospered, not suffered, since he took the solemn oath which binds him to its service; that his administration is doing work of lasting value which will compare favorably with the record of achievement standing to the credit of any other president's first year, and that in time the nation must recognize and appreciate these facts and do him justice. For beyond doubt the country has gained greatly since the Taft term began. It has felt secure, with good reason, against all large disasters and troubles which could be attributed in any way to the national government.

In time the record of good work done and tangible results gained will wholly offset the sense of disappointment which is widely prevalent. Deeds will be more convincing than words. The motives behind many of the slanderous and false attacks upon the President and his administration will become clear to the country. Veiled hatred and cowardly partisanship will not be able to fight under cover of false pretenses of lofty patriotism. The truth will prevail and the majority of the American people will understand that most of the so-called independent censors that have condemned Mr. Taft and his party, in sweeping and bitter terms, are disguised partisans, masked political enemies and other warped and hostile seekers after self-interest.

The Taft administration will gain as it goes on. It is sure to wear well because its basic forces and purposes are good and sound. Harmful and misleading advisers will lose their power for evil. The country will feel increasing faith in the wisdom and thorough uprightness of its chosen head.

FIXING VALUE BY RARITY.

The naval sub-committee of the House of Representatives has prepared what it considers a retort for those friends of Commander Peary who think the thanks of congress too trival a reward for his achievements. The sub-committee, having devled into history, finds that but two civilians and eighteen army and navy officers have ever been thanked by congress. Therefore—the argument proceeds—Commander Peary should feel much obliged.

The rarity of an object, by some queer twist in the point of view of humanity, often establishes a value above intrinsic worth. The average painting of an old master commands an extravagant price, not because of its merit, which is of low grade nine instances out of ten, but because it is old and the number of pictures painted by the artist is left to dwell amid garrets and work in barns while the auction prices of fifteenth century daubs furnish advertisement for the newly rich. Make a thing common, from furniture to fruit, from books to butter-dishes, and no one gives a straw for it. Make it rare and some one immediately proclaims it above price. A prince of India who had diamonds and gold and cities and the stored art of ages considered as his finest possession a mean little pasteboard box upon which wee shells had been studded in glue. Such a thing had never been seen in his kingdom before.

Thus with the naval sub-committee of the house. Patriots and heroes and learned men and mighty inventors have ennobled and enriched America, but congress has thanked only twenty. Its gratitude is grudged. Therefore—the friends of Peary are to understand—the proposed reward is more than promotion or a competence. All of which is an inference that a nation acquires merit in the measure of its thanklessness.

SCORING AGAINST A PREDECESSOR.

Garfield, when secretary of the interior, gave permission for converting the Hetchy-Hetchy valley into a great water reservoir for San Francisco. The proposition has been fought bitterly, the naturalist, John Muir, taking the lead. It has caused two parties to form on the Pacific coast, one as violently in favor of the gift to San Francisco, the other as strongly set against it. In one of the criticisms written of Taft's tour was to be noted the complaint of a newspaper writer who said the President had accepted the invitations of those who opposed the reservoir, thus in the minds of Californians, lining himself up with the antis. This should make it clear that the subject has been a complicated one and exceedingly difficult for any of the east to get the right of.

The order issued by Secretary Garfield has now been set aside by the present secretary of the interior. The Hetchy-Hetchy valley is, at least for the time being, to escape the ax and not to know the disorder of engineering gauge. Washington believes Ballinger has scored a point against the reputation of his predecessor, whom he has no reason to like, and has put himself so squarely into the conservation camp that he cannot be thrown out. No one would be unwilling to see Ballinger make good, whether he is partisan in the present controversy or not. Yet it must be recalled that Garfield never posed as knowing it all. He doubtless made mistakes. But this is certain—the mistakes he made were not by directing attention to other men's errors.

THE BLIGHT ON PATRIOTISM

The president of the republic of Panama, Jose de Obaldi, died last week. A brief dispatch carried the news. Nothing was said of his career or achievements.

Since Simon Bolivar, liberator and warrior and inspired patriot, left the world, and Garibaldi, enemy of tyrants, sailed home to harry the Austrians, no great name stands illuminated in the history of the Latin-American countries. The parade of presidents is longer than the Andes are high. "Deliverer" and "Knight Errant" have tread upon one another's heels, but once in power each has used his place to acquire personal gain. It is said that Castro accumulated $60,000,000 as president of Venezuela. Zelaya, the recently deposed head of the government of Nicaragua, looted his country's treasury. Even the great Diaz is reported to have become fabulously wealthy. Command of the soldiery, the authority and political prestige have been interpreted as a privilege to pillage.

The observers of affairs among our southern neighbors have laid the weakness to the Spanish blood, the examples of Pizarro and Cortez. But Bolivar was of Spanish descent and there were followers and associates of his who sacrificed wealth and ease to follow the banners of freedom. The blight may be one of moral outlook. A new made president does as he is expected to and is content. One who governed cleanly and fairly and with patriotism might be more than his countrymen could bear with.

OHIO AND AGRICULTURE

The secretary of the state board of agriculture has replied with vigor and warmth to the charges of inefficiency and grafting. The board does as well as it can within the limitations fixed by the legislature, he says, and is not guilty of taking personal profit through its authority over fertilizing manufacturing.

The sympathies of every unprejudiced Ohioan will be with the board. This department has been the victim of more revision and restriction than any other under the state government. Assemblymen having a paucity of ideas and lacking the energy to make a study of any subject whatsoever, have felt at liberty to institute attacks and suggest long-eared reforms. Appropriations have been slashed and cut and new designs for regulating expenditures put into effect. The department makes gains one year and is thrown back the next. While the other states have promoted agriculture and encouraged farmers and set forth discovery and improvement, the Ohio board is kept mainly to the labor of compiling tables and issuing lists of inspected fertilizers and spraying solutions. In spite of the hindrance the Ohio board has succeeded in doing excellent work. It's publications do not compare with those of many other states, but they do show that the importance of agriculture to the prosperity of the commonwealth is appreciated.

Some day, we trust, a man of influence and recognized ability in the legislature will turn his attention to this subject. The slightest comparison of the work done in Ohio with that in Illinois and Kansas, for example, will show him how backward this state has been and what has undoubtedly been lost in wealth and opportunity.

Missouri is talking of starting a Champ Clark presidential boom. Mr. Clark is a conspicuous champion of the Missouri mule, which, though not a household pet, is quite popular in the state.

Mr. Roosevelt may be surprised, when he gets home, to learn how many jobs have been picked out for him.

Commission Form of Government

DES MOINES, IOWA.

By Calvin Goodrich.

Des Moines, Iowa.—This city is the most interesting of all which have experimented with the commission form of municipal government. Its charter contains several novel features not part of the schemes in operation in Texas and Kansas towns. It is the only city of more than 75,000 population which has been a year under the new order.

Few days go by in which municipal reformers, or some special investigating committee, do not pay a visit and interview the citizens. A joke on one of the newspaper offices concerns a solemn set of junketers from Utah that borrowed the managing editor's scrap book on the commission subject and has since politely but firmly declined to return it. The city has enjoyed the advertising hugely. It has adopted a motto indicative of that pleasure. "Des Moines Does Things." This can still be traced faintly among the withered flowers in the city hall lawn.

Some Quick Results.

It is about 20 months since the Des Moines plan was adopted. Before that the government was directed by seven aldermen from as many wards and two aldermen at large, with mayor and other elective officers as in the usual municipal system. The city was in hopeless debt. Improvements had been held back. There was the ordinary pulling of one section for favors to the disadvantage of other sections, the log rolling and wastes of money and effort. In the first year under the new charter $225,000 was saved, a bridge constructed with singular economy, a public library built, the streets cleaned and a very admirable system of lighting laid out.

It should be of interest to present those sections of the charter which represent the most marked departure in city government.

Sections six and seven provide for the administrative form and designate the duties of the mayor and the four commissioners. The mayor is assigned to charge of the department of public affairs. The other departments are those of accounts and finance, public safety, streets and public improvements, parks and public property. The electors do not designate the councilmen—as the commissioners are called in Des Moines—who are to superintend the departments other than that of public affairs, but the appointments are made by a majority vote among the commissioners.

Where Abuse Is Possible.

Section nine gives the council the power to create, fill and discontinue offices and employments other than those which the voters select. It will be noted that the commissioners are not compelled to fill offices provided for in the code, as in Ohio, if they do not believe the offices necessary or practical. On the other hand that word "create" opens up a great field which might lead to abuse. Furthermore, the commissioners are empowered to fix compensation and virtually they can remove any employe at will.

A scheme of civil service is provided for, a set of commissioners to have charge of it being appointed by the council. But the tenure of employment under civil service is restricted. The council has the power to remove anyone "for cause," and the chief of police, the chief of the fire department, a superintendent or foreman of any municipal work, can discharge or suspend a city employe, the council to rule upon such action later.

Section 18 provides for the recall, 25 per cent of the electors having the power to cause the calling of a special election at which the question of removal and the naming of a successor to the commissioner under criticism is to be voted upon. An opponent of the commission government scheme, when the proposal was in course of agitation, thus analyzed the section: "As a practical thing it is valueless, as no one, unless actuated by malice, will take the trouble to circulate a petition for the purpose of securing 4,000 signatures, and voters will not sign a petition which thus reflects upon a public officer unless the conduct of such officer has been such that he could be impeached without trouble under the old law. Note that the petition for recall must contain a general statement of the grounds on which removal is sought, and every signer of the petition asserts the truth of these statements, and if they are untrue he renders himself liable to an action for libel and might be guilty of criminal libel. Under these circumstances voters would be loth to sign such petition."

The Referendum.

Sections 19 and 20 provide for the initiative and referendum. Any proposed ordinance may be submitted to the council by petition signed by the voters to the number of 25 per cent of the whole. The machinery is similar to that arranged for impeachment and removal of a public officer. It might be considered cumbersome for a measure like the initiative which ought, if employed at all, be flexible. The initiative is further restricted by a provision that the nature of the ordinance to be voted upon must be stated twice on each ballot—why so, it is impossible to say.

The protest and referendum is cared for in section 20. Ten days only are allowed for the preparation of the petition and the collection of petitioners' signatures to the number of 25 per cent of the electors. This, it has been declared, practically nullifies the referendum. It is forbidden to hold more than one special election of the sort within six months.

The Des Moines charter is the pattern upon which changes of government are being made in several of the Iowa towns. It is noticeable that care was taken not to disturb too greatly those who might think their property or privileges would be endangered by the change in government. Protection hedges the commissioners about so that the citizens, however angered they might be against a public officer, would, as a rule, prefer to wait the general election rather than invoke the recall. The freedom of the initiative is hampered and clogs are put in the way of the working of the referendum.

Thus, after the charter is analyzed, Des Moines does not appear to have improved markedly upon the Galveston government.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

OVERPOWERING THE POWERS

International Sunday School Lesson for March 13 Is, "What Manner of Man Is This, That Even the Winds and the Sea Obey Him?" Matthew 8:23-34.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

People are puzzled to day by the powers that are shaping society. They see forces at work to increase the cost of living, to increase the restlessness of life, to increase thoughtlessness, materialism and irreverence. Consternation is the word which perhaps best expresses the state of a large part of the public mind. For this reason the most hare-brained schemes of remedy find a hearing; and the demogogue grows fat in the land.

Even religion is running to secondary remedies. Listen to the admonitions that arise in the discussion of social questions: "Let us organize our charities better and make sure of rich endowments; let us institutionalize our churches, and make them political and industrial forums; let us minister to men's temporal and social needs." And so it goes, almost ad nauseam. The United States congress is asked to charter a sort of universal benevolence trust. The Laymen's Missionary movement and the apportionment committee of some denominations, cry ceaselessly for money as the most necessary power; as if the new battle hymn of the Kingdom were Kipling's,

"Pay! Pay! Pay!"

The Power Above Powers.

This tendency of a somewhat affrighted church to place reliance upon more money, more machinery, more methods, more distinguished men, is really one that calls for grave consideration. It may as well be frankly confessed that the Lord's battles are not going to be won by man's power. Somebody has revised the misleading motto of the aroused laymen, "We can do it, and we will," to the better form, "He can do it, if we will." A good battle cry for all Christian effort, while men remain in their present mood, is that old one from the Scriptures, "Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts."

There is a power above the powers. This is the creed for today. Jehovah still reigns. In His own ways He is bringing to pass His own ends. Every new generation has to learn afresh, and repeatedly, this corner stone truth of religion. The disciples needed it; and there we take taught by the two signs—the stilling of the tempest and the casting out of the evil spirits from the demoniac—which constitute the present Sunday school lesson. Christ is still with His own and He still has the "all power" which he claimed when speaking in the flesh.

The nub of this whole lesson is the need for faith. Believe God. Count more on Him, and less on buildings and appliances and the cunning of man. A faith sufficient for small needs, as well as for great, is the supreme present requirement of the churches. The Master who stilled the tempest on Galilee is not going to let the ship of Zion be wrecked. He is still Lord of all realms and peoples. His power is moving on earth today. It is equal to every demand. The tide that lifts the great ships raises the small boats also.

The Weary Leader.

One of the familiar stories which Christendom loves, echoing it from generation to generation in countless songs and pictures, is this stilling of the tempest. More impressive than the sudden outburst of wind and upheaval of the water is the figure of the weary Jesus, asleep in the stern of the boat. No private yacht this, but a rude fishing craft. On the rough cushion, odorous of fish and stained by sun and water, the tired Teacher had thrown himself down, just as He was, in His landsman's garb. His head was pillowed on His arm, and He slept.

The clatter of the ship's tackle, the excited tones of the company, the pounding of the newly-created waves against the boat, the rise and fall of the water, the shrieks of the wind through the scant rigging—all were alike powerless to penetrate the thick pall of sleep in which He was wrapped. His was the deep, peaceful weariness of the man who, despite overwork, has in his heart a great calm. Storms come to all men; it is the shadowy philosophy of religion which would have the godly exempted from trouble; the craft which carried Christ was sorely buffeted. But at the center of His life there was unruffled peace. The man in unity with God cannot be greatly disturbed by anything in all nature.

The roar of the tempest was inaudible to the exhausted sleeper; but the first cry of need from His affrighted friends reached Him. That is the ineffable personal quality of the Lord. His ear is ever open to the cry of His own. If the universe were filled with the uproar of the clash and collision of worlds, the Lord would still hear the faintest whisper of supplication from one of his friends. And all the might of His omnipotence is pledged to the succor of even the least of these. Sceptics wonder that a great storm should be commanded to calm, like an obedient house-pet, all for the sake of a few scared peasants. That is just the sort of God that is running this world. He cares for His processes, but He cares more for his people. He works through His own laws, but He is no modern pettifogging judge or lawyer, defeating law's supreme end by technical and "consistent" procedure. His benign will is the supreme court that interprets all His laws. His laws were made, not for the law's sake, but for the carrying out of his purposes of love.

When that sudden calm fell upon the lately aroused sea of Galilee, the disciples were scared. They began to whisper one to another, "What manner of man is this?" They thought they knew Him, but Jesus possesses that most delightful of qualities in a friend, the capacity for unexpectedness. He was ever revealing new and surprising phases of his character. Some persons one exhausts in a few hours' acquaintance; a few friends develop unexpected riches of character through the years; but Jesus is inexhaustible. The newest disciple finds in Him fullness of satisfaction; the oldest saint discovers in Him fresh beauties constantly. The one bottomless ocean in the universe is the love and power of God, as represented by Jesus.

A Man Dispossessed.

The control over nature which Jesus displayed in the storm was quickly followed by an evidence of His supremacy over the powers of darkness. A demoniac—one being pre-eminent, although accompanied by another or others—was encountered on the other side of the sea. All leaders have their powers put to a supreme test when they come to deal with human nature. The sea and wind are staple elements, as compared with the heart of a man. Here was an instance of a man dispossessed of self-control and given over utterly to the dominion of malign powers.

Many persons are fond of saying that there is no such thing as demoniacal possession. Probably the controversy is merely a matter of terms. When a person is not self-possessed, what possesses him? Most of us who are honest admit a knowledge of overwhelming passions that sweep down upon the spirit to take it captive. Everybody may have his own notion of what demon-possession may mean; for me it harks back to a boyhood experience. I had jumped upon the end of a wagon to steal or beg a ride. The driver turned and ordered me off. I was slow—probably tantalizingly so. He leaped from the seat and came toward me, shouting horrible oaths, with a perfect madness of fury in his voice and face. There was murder in his manner—all over the veriest trifle. I have never lost the image of that man; he became then, and has since remained, my type of a demon-possessed mortal.

Whatever the physiological or psychological explanation of the state of the poor, naked, raving demoniac amid the tombs of the Gergesenes, he was in a dreadful case. There was no place for him but the desert; only Christianity builds asylums for the insane and the outcast. The awfulness of this man's sufferings may be seen from the vividness of his rejoicing over deliverance.

Even as the white traders in the Sandwich islands opposed the advent of missionaries, so the demons cried out against the approach of Christ. "What have we to do with thee?" Really, everything. Truth always has business with error to extinguish it. There ever has been, is now and forever must be, the relationship of battle between the good and the bad. A Scotch merchant in Tien Tsin was taking his comprador to task, day after day, for his "squeezes" or graft. At length the Chinese said: "Why you make so much trouble? No trouble till you come. I no savvy." "Of course you don't," retorted the merchant; "that is because you are a thief and a liar." No compromise or alliance is possible between Christ and Satan.

The Problem of the Pigs.

A favorite theological difficulty of the light-minded, in this connection, is the destruction of the pigs involved in the story. Jesus drove the demons out of the man into a herd of swine, which ran headlong into the sea and perished. It sounds not unlike the modern cry which reformers hear, "It will hurt business." Indeed, these same people—apparently thinking more of the pigs than of the emancipated man—entreated Jesus to take his dangerous powers away from their shores. He did—and never returned!

If the merchants were Jews, they were violating the law to be in that business. But apart from all attempts to explain the incident, it remains indubitable that the Lord, who, for His own inscrutable purposes, has permitted the death of innocent myriads of men and women by flood, pestilence and earthquake, will not let His sovereign will be baffled by a herd of swine. It was contemptible smallness then to look toward the quotations upon pork, instead of rejoicing over the deliverance of manhood. Ourt intes need the lesson. We should care more for human needs than for vested interests.

Varieties

The Portuguese navy has five thousand men.

The regulation step of the British army is 120 to the minute.

Chocolate is served to the ladies in the churches of Mexico.

In Spain shoe blackening is mixed with wine instead of water.

A kilowatt almost exactly equals one and one-third horse-power.

Germany imports fruit to the annual average value of $22,000,000.

Crime in the United Kingdom costs the state about $30,000,000 a year.

Salmon, pike and goldfish are said to be the only fish that never sleep.

One hundred and sixty-one varieties of rice are known in China and Japan.

A baby born amid the floods at Alfortville, Paris, has been named Moses.

The gospel is preached in thirty different languages in the United States.

The average yearly slaughter of foxes in Germany is about 20,000.

It is computed that 67 people die, and 70 are born every minute.

There are in Alsace-Lorraine 31 champagne factories. Of these Metz has 15.

A cluster of rods replaces the familiar mantle in a new English incandescent gas light.

Gas lighting has recently been boomed in Japan, and 10 new companies are to be floated.

All over Europe farmers' associations exist for the handling of farm products commercially.

Peanut cake seems to be supplanting cottonseed cake as the preferred food for Swedish cattle.

One of the newest milking machines includes a pulsating vacuum pump, driven by an electric motor.

Ecuador's last cocoa crop was worth $4,383,497, and the cocoa industry there is only in its infancy.

Australian horses are preferred to all others in India, the price for one in Calcutta being as high as $340 to $365.

Ten countries of Europe have entered into an arrangement to prohibit the use of saccharine in foods and beverages.

Before 1849 the south furnished the chief gold fields of the country, but since that date the south has not been in the running.

Attached to a tombstone in a Harlesden (England) undertaker's shop is a card which reads: "You may telephone from here."

Germany annually imports from Chile about 500,000 tons of saltpeter, valued at $23,000,000, for fertilizing purposes.

Toronto voters will have the chance to express their opinions on a proposition to build 33 miles of underground railroads.

Last year the geological survey fixed prices on 2,598,621 acres of public coal lands and classified 10,857,572 acres as non-coal land.

A cent's worth of electricity, at the average price in this country, will raise ten tons 12 feet high with a crane in less than a minute.

The average weekly income of what is known as "a poor family" in New York city is $11.30, and the families average five and two-fifths persons.

The Paris Gaulois says that a British Catholic whose name is not stated has given the pope $100,000 with which to establish a Bible institution.

A Minnesota inventor has been granted a patent on a cash register that carries a phonograph to announce the figures indicated when its keys are pressed.

At the present rate of growth the borough of Brooklyn, with its population of about 1,240,000, will have a population of 2,910,000 in 20 years from now.

A ½-hose power electric motor, driven by a lighting current and directly connected with an air pump, is a new convenience for inflating automobile tires.

A putty knife with a reservoir in the handle from which putty can be squeezed by pressing a button has been invented as a time saver for glaziers by a Minnesota man.

To keep the rivers of the country free from snags and other impediments to navigation, the government maintains a fleet of 30 steamboats and spends $500,000 a year.

Mrs. T. F. Beal, a rural mail carrier of the Burbank district in California, goes over her 25-mile route in an automobile which she has bought with her own earnings.

While in the valleys of Abyssinia are grown sugar cane, cotton, rubber and other tropical plants, the uplands have excellent pastures and cornfields, such as may be found in England.

A French chemist has advanced the theory that the odors from vegetation disseminated through the air diminish the actinic powers of the solar radiations sufficiently to affect photography.

There are 21 states in the Union whose combined business does not equal that of the New York postoffice, which is more than the postoffice business of Philadelphia and Chicago combined.

A good authority on horses says that the gray will live the longest, and that the roans come next in order. Blacks seldom live to be over 20, and creams rarely live more than 10 or 15 years.

It is already proposed, with the approval of the mayor, to re-establish the nickel-inthe-slot machine in the cigar stores of San Francisco and to restore the recently suspended privilege of smoking in street cars.

Some modern artists claim, contrary to general belief, that the prettiest sunset colorings are to be seen in the city owing to the dust in the air. The open country, however, affords the greatest sweep of the sky.

On a ride of 1,250 miles, at an average of 44 miles daily, a Russian cavalry officer lost only six pounds in weight, while his horse—nearly 20 years old—lost 45 pounds. One day eighty miles was covered.

New York city manufacturers more fur goods than all of the other cities of the country together. It keeps about nine thousand persons employed in the industry and its output for the last year is valued at $41,400

If You Have CATARRH You Are in Danger of CONSUMPTION DEAFNESS

READ the Story Told in These Pictures. A Story in BLACK and WHITE. The BLACK Area Shows the EXTENT of the Disease. The WHITE Shows the Area Reached by Different Remedies.

Fig. 1.—THE BLACK, in the above cut, shows the wide extent of catarrh—ALL THROUGH THE HEAD; DOWN INTO THE THROAT (K) INTO THE LUNGS (M & L); into the ears (C); into the frontal sinus (H); into the spheno'dal sinus (D), etc.

TO CURE CATARRH IN THE ABOVE PARTS IT MUST BE REACHED BY THE REMEDY.

Fig. 2.—Illustrates the inevitable failure of SALVES, BALMS, SNUFFS, etc. SEE how much BLACK remains to show the parts unreached—how little of the WHITE to show the parts that are reached.

Fig. 3.—Shows how little can be done by ATOMIZERS, SPRAYS, DOUCHES and all WASHES AND LIQUIDS.

By no possibility can these methods of treatment reach the real seat of the disease. WHY THROW AWAY YOUR MONEY, and sacrifice your health, perhaps your life, by trifling with your disease in this way? THERE IS A BETTER WAY (See Fig. 4).

CATARRH is a disease of the mucous membrane. It is characterized by a profuse discharge through the nostrils or into the throat.

It usually begins with a cold in the head.

Beginning in the nostrils it soon spreads to all the mucous membranes of the body, even getting into the stomach and lungs.

The nasty discharge being swallowed, it upsets the stomach, and from the stomach it is taken into the blood, and poisons and deranges the whole body.

The disease is all the time inclined to work its way from the nose back into the head—down into the throat—into the bronchial tubes and lungs. Herein is its greatest danger.

STOP IT NOW! AFTER AWHILE MAY BE TOO LATE!

There are many so-called "Catarrh Cures." Most of them fail for three reasons:

First—They are not composed of ingredients that possess the necessary healing properties. It seems that the medical fraternity at large has not yet learned this secret. There is one really satisfactory treatment. That will be explained further along.

Second—Many of the remedies, such as they are, cannot be applied so as to reach one-half or even one-fourth of all parts that are affected. How much good can a remedy do when the disease is far back in the head and the medicine only reaches the nose? Even if the application should do good so far as it reaches, what good can it do to the part it does not reach? This is the trouble with the treatment of catarrh in most cases. The remedies, poor as they are, can only be applied in the nose, while nearly always the disease is not alone in the nose, but often reaches far back into the head, and even down into the bronchial tubes.

Third—Many doctors do not seem to know any better than to dose the stomach in their vain attempt to reach catarrh. Their remedies will often ruin the stomach, but never reach the disease in the head.

With the above facts before us, need we wonder that the treatment of catarrh has generally before been a failure?

LOOK AT THE PICTURES!

To make all of this clearer and more forcible we give herewith the series of pictures.

No. 1—Shows where the disease is located. It is liable to extend to all parts shown by the solid black.

No. 2—Shows how little of the disease is reached by snuffs, balms, etc. Notice how small a patch of the BLACK has been displaced with the WHITE.

No. 3—Shows how small a portion is reached with a spray from an atomizer or by a douche. Notice how little of the BLACK has been displaced by the WHITE, and yet that is the best that the spray treatment can do.

No. 4—Shows where the medicine goes when Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Remedy is applied. In the picture the WHITE has entirely displaced the BLACK, because the remedy goes into every part of the head, throat, ears, and bronchial tubes. It is applied warm; it is very penetrating and healing. While it is not strong enough to do any harm it is sufficiently powerful to wipe out the disease. It sets into operation a healing process that will in due time make the diseased parts sound and healthy.

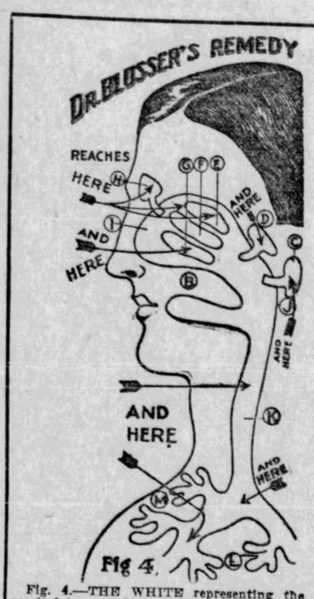

Fig. 4.—THE WHITE representing the parts reached by our Catarrh Remedy has entirely displaced the BLACK, very fitly illustrating how Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Remedy reaches and heals every affected part. IT GOES EVERYWHERE, into every nook and corner in the throat, head and lungs. It goes to the MIDDLE EAR (C), into every sinus and cell (D & H). It gets under the turbinates (E, F & G), and into the THROAT and LUNGS (J, K, L, M); and everywhere it goes it exerts a powerful and healing influence.

FREE BY MAIL

If you want to have a demonstration of what my remedy will do without cost, fill out accompanying coupon or write me, and I will send you absolutely free, enough of the medicine to prove to you that the treatment goes directly to every diseased spot with its healing power. When you try this free treatment I think you will be convinced that the remedy is exactly what I claim for it. I will also send you free an Illustrated Booklet giving you exact and correct information about catarrh.

Just Fill in Coupon, Cut it Out and Mail Today

DR. J. W. BLOSSER,
254 Walton Street, Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Sir: Please send me by mail (free of cost) your Trial Treatment for Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh of the Middle Ear, etc. Also send your Free, Illustrated Treatise on Catarrh.

Name.....

Town.....

Street or R. F. D.....State.....

Spell out name with pencil, very, very plainly.

NEW SNOWSLIDE KILLS

Nearly 100 Buried When Rotary Plows Are Caught.

Vancouver, B. C., March 5.—In a snowslide early this morning between Rogers Pass station and Glacier, on the line of the Canadian Pacific, in the Rocky Mountains, 50 men were killed. All the victims were workmen for the railway company and more than half of them were Japanese.

The men were working in clearing away a small slide that had come down early in the evening. They were working a rotary engine over it when a larger slide came down and carried them to their death in the canyon below. At first it was believed that all of the hundred men engaged were killed, but during the early morning it was found that many had escaped, and the death list is now estimated to be 50. All passenger trains on the line are safe, though it will probably be a day or two before they are able to pass the place where the slide occurrd.

Last night was one of the worst ever experienced in the railway section of the Canadian Rockies. There was a heavy storm of rain, sleet and snow. A storm also occurred in the Arrow lakes. Communication with the east is down. A long section of telegraph line was carried away by the slide.

Hard to Reach Bodies.

Wellington, Wash., March 5.—All the bodies of the victims of the Wellington disaster will not be recovered for a month, according to a statement made by Superintendent O'Neill today. The great tree trunks that were carried down by the snow are entangled with the wreckage of the cars and other equipment make it difficult to get to the bodies. Frequently when an opening is made in the side of a car the snow rushes in the hole and retards the work of rescue.

As soon as the railway line is opened to the outside world, which will be within eight or 10 days, wrecking derricks can be sent to the scene and the trees and other debris cleared away with greater facility. The danger of a second slide is imminent. The snow back of the hotel is as high as the roof, and entrance is gained through a tunnel of snow from the front. There is no confirmation of the report that six laborers were killed in an avalanche at Cascade, on the east slope of the mountains, Thursday.

Trains Make Long Detour.

Portland, Ore., March 5.—Portland today became the gateway for all through east and west passenger traffic over the Harriman lines. The Southern Pacific trains to and from California are moving both ways through this portal on a detour of from 1,500 to 2,000 miles, made necessary by the almost unprecedented flood in Nevada. Beginning at noon today approximately 100 passenger trains will enter and leave Portland terminals in the succeeding 24 hours.

The Northern Pacific main line from St. Paul to the Pacific coast has been rehabilitated and that road was clear last night for the first time in two weeks. The line between Portland and Puget Sound is also open. The Northern Pacific, the Great Northern and the Oregon Railroad and Navigation companies are still using the Spokane, Portland and Seattle between Spokane and Pasco and the Great Northern is detourning its through trains over the Northern Pacific.

A Chance to Make Money

Yes, elegant free homesteads can still be had in Mexico, where many Americans are now locating. You need not go to Mexico, but are required to have five acres of fruit trees planted within five years. For information address the Jantha Plantation Co., Block 594, Pittsburg, Pa. They will plant and care for your trees on shares, so you should make a thousand dollars a year. It is never hot, never cold. The health conditions are perfect.

DROWNS IN MILL RACE

Ann Arbor Bride Pulls Husband Into Water.

Ann Arbor, Mich., March 7.—Mrs. George Simmons, a bride of three months, was drowned in the mill race Sunday afternoon and her husband almost lost his life in an attempt to rescue her.

Mr. and Mrs. Simmons started to walk over to the north side. On crossing the bridge into lower town, Mrs. Simmons noticed a number of people near the dam and suggested that they go there. A shorter way was to cross the mill race, and when they got there they found a 12-inch plank to walk. Mr. Simmons started first and was about three feet ahead of his wife. The current is very swift and when she had reached about the middle of the stream, she called her husband and said: "O, George, I can't go any further, I'm dizzy."

As soon as he could, Mr. Simmons went back to his wife and reached out his hand to help her just as she started to fall. She grabbed his hand and pulled him into the race with her. Both went to the bottom. The race at this point is 14 feet deep, and though he came to the top with her, she slipped from his arms and was lost. A crowd of students tried to rescue the woman, but before the body was recovered the current had taken it quite a distance down the stream.

Doctors worked over the woman for nearly an hour, but, though the body was in the water but a short time, life was extinct when it was taken out of the race.

Mrs. Simmons was formerly Mrs. Carrie Wright, and her home was in Jackson, where she married Mr. Simmons last December. She leaves a 9-year-old son by the former marriage. Mr. Simmons came here about a year ago with the Come-Pack't Furniture company.

Northern Pacific Notes

¶A five-acre fruit farm in any one of the eight or ten irrigated valleys along the Northern Pacific will show you a splendid profit. A ten-acre orchard will make you rich.

Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon contain these fruitful lands in quantity sufficient to give every man who seeks it, an ideal home where he may live happily and grow wealthy.

The Scenic Highway — NORTHERN PACIFIC — *Through the Land of Fortune*

For information about home-getting possibilities in the Northwest, call on or address J. J. Gartner, Trav. Pass. Agent, 40 East Fourth St., Cincinnati. A. M. Cleland, Gen. Pass. Agent, St. Paul.

One May Overcome

constipation permanently by proper personal co-operation with the beneficial effects of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, when required. The forming of regular habits is most important and while endeavoring to form them the assistance of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is most valuable, as it is the only laxative which acts without disturbing the natural functions and without debilitating and it is the one laxative which leaves the internal organs in a naturally healthy condition, thereby really aiding one in that way. To get its beneficial effects, buy the genuine manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and for sale by all leading druggists. Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is never classed by the well-informed with medicines which make extravagant and unfounded claims to cure habitual constipation without personal co-operation.

AFTER FERTILIZER MEN

Denman Decides to Prosecute Makers of Stuff.

Columbus, March 4.—Attorney General Denman has determined to institute wholesale prosecutions against violators of the feed stuff and fertilizer laws. Demand will be made on the department of agriculture for evidence now in its hands.

Although the agricultural department has declared officially that 45 brands of fertilizer and 77 brands of commercial feed stuff have been illegally offered for sale, no attempt has been made to prosecute any of the violators.

The decision of the attorney general was reached yesterday, when he found on his desk the official February agricultural bulletin. Under the heading, "Danger; Stop; Look; Listen," were two long lists. In one was the brands of fertilizer found to be way below the standard required by law. With the name of each brand was the name of the manufacturer. The other list, in similar manner, gave the deficiency below the 2 per cent allowed latitude of protein, crude fat and crude fiber found in commercial foodstuffs.

"The publicity of our bulletin has hurt the manufacturers more than all the prosecutions that could be started," was the explanation offered by Secretary A. P. Sandles. He said the attorney general's department considered the fertilizer law weak and had drafted a substitute to be presented to the legislature by the Williams food probers. Other officials of the agricultural department said that Attorney General Denman had ignored cases turned over to him.

SUMMONS BIG 'UNS

Oklahoma Calls In Big Railroad Men.

Guthrie, Okla., March 4.—Sixteen railway officials, including several of the most prominent in the United States will be served with subpoenas issued today by the corporation commission of Oklahoma demanding their presence in Guthrie, March 15, as witnesses in the freight rate investigation now in progress here.

The list includes: George J. Gould, president St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern Railway, New York; J. A. Edson, president Kansas City Southern, Kansas City; E. P. Ripley, president Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, Chicago; B. L. Winchell, president St. Louis & San Francisco, St. Louis; H. U. Mudge, president Rock Island Lines, Chicago; George H. Crosby, vice-president Rock Island, Chicago; F. H. Hamilton, secretary and treasurer Rock Island, Chicago; F. H. Hamilton, secretary and treasurer, St. Louis & San Francisco Railway, St. Louis; C. N. Whitehead, secretary and treasurer Missouri, Kansas and Texas, New York; A. C. Torbert, secretary and treasurer, Gulf Colorado & Santa Fe, Galveston; Frank Kell, president Wichita Falls & Northwestern Railway, Wichita Falls, Texas; A. H. Calef, secretary and treasurer St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern, New York; G. C. Hand, secretary and transfer agent, Kansas City Southern, New York; A. A. Allen, president Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway, St. Louis; F. J. Pettibone, vice-president and general manager Gulf Colorado & Santa Fe, Galveston.

The presence of these officials is demanded by the state of Oklahoma in an effort to get responsible officials on record as to the valuation of the various properties in Oklahoma, which they represent. The state wants this information in perfecting its refutation of the findings forming the basis for the recent federal injunction issued by Judge Hook in St. Louis restraining the Oklahoma corporation commission from enforcing the freight rates that have been established in Oklahoma during the last 22 months.

ENSILAGE IS PROFITABLE

Proved Superior to Any Other Roughage.

After a number of experiments at the Nebraska Agricultural college the feeding value of corn ensilage was found to be far superior to any other roughage. This should convince the farmer that a silo on the farm will tend to improve it wonderfully. The experiment shows that—

One ton of ensilage equals one ton sugar beets.

Three tons of ensilage equal one ton clover hay.

Three and one-half tons of ensilage equal one ton alfalfa hay.

Two and one-fourth tons of ensilage equal one ton marsh hay.

Three and one-half tons of ensilage equal one ton prairie hay.

One-half ton of ensilage equals one ton pumpkins.

Below he gives his estimate of the cost of putting up ensilage and hay and the number of cubic feet occupied by each:

One ton of ensilage cost to put up 63 cents. One ton of hay cost to put up $1.50. One ton of ensilage occupies 50 cubic feet. One ton of hay occupies 500 cubic feet.

To this statement he adds the following:

It will be seen that 10 times more space is required for hay than ensilage, and it is hardly possible to construct even a cheap hay shed, to say nothing of a barn, for the price required to store for same quantity of ensilage. With the ordinary hayloft in a good dairy barn the cost of storage space would be three times that of the silo. The table also gives a comparison between the cost of harvesting corn ensilage as compared with hay. It will be seen that corn ensilage can be put up for almost one-third the cost of hay. These figures do not allow for interest on money invested in machinery or storage. While hay is about three times richer in food elements, it is still an expensive roughage as compared with ensilage.

Until the feeder can find a food equal to corn ensilage for even twice the cost he had better seriously consider the silo. Under present conditions at least one-fourth of all the farmers keeping stock in the corn belt will find the silo an economic equipment. An acre of corn put in the silo is valued at about $56, while the same corn standing in the field and husked in the usual manner is valued at $27. This is accounting for all cost of harvesting. Then an acre in the silo is worth two in the field, or, putting it another way, the silo doubles the value of the corp.

He Had Helped.

The lecturer raised his voice with emphatic confidence. "I venture to assert," he said, "that there isn't a man in this audience who has ever done anything to prevent the destruction of our forests."

A modest looking man in the back of the hall stood up.

"I—er—I've shot woodpeckers," he said.

50,000 DEMAND RAISE

Thirty-two Eastern Railroads Are Involved.

New York, March 5.—The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers of the 32 eastern railroads have submitted to the General Managers' association a formal demand for an increase in wages. This demand is similar to that presented to the same roads last December by the Order of Railway Conductors and the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, and which are now in their final stage of negotiation.

General Manager J. C. Stewart, of the Erie, refused to accept the demands as chairman of the General Managers' association, declaring that he would meet a committee of the Erie firemen, but that the Brotherhood would have to deal with each railroad separately and not through the General Managers' association, which, he said, had no agreement concerning wages. This reply is similar to that given the conductors and trainmen.

Grand Master W. S. Carter, of the Brotherhood of Firemen, will now proceed to make a separate and similar demand on all of the railroads. The demand involves about 50,000 firemen on the railroads east of the Mississippi and north of the Baltimore & Ohio system. The demands do not affect the enginemen belonging to the union who have been advanced from firemen.

The wage demands are for an increase in pay from $2.60 a day to $3. Numerous changes in working conditions also are demanded. The railroads will now confer with committees from their firemen, as they did with the trainmen and conductors, in an effort to reach a satisfactory agreement.

DUEL TO CLEAR WOMAN'S NAME

Italian Deputy Challenged for Insult to Duchess.

Rome, March 5.—As the result of having permitted himself to play too freely with the names of two noble women during a stormy debate in the chamber of deputies yesterday, Eugenie Chiesa, the well-known Republican deputy, must fight three duels. Count Glacomo Morando and Generals Prudente and Fecia are the challengers.

Signor Chiesa addressed an interrogation to the government on what he asserted was the influence of the Austrian Baroness Siemens on the Italian army by reason, as he alleged, of her having been on friendly terms with the late Lieutenant General Tancredi Saletta, chief of staff, and afterwards with General Fecia, the commander of the Grand maneuvers.

General Prudente, under secretary of war, refused to answer the deputy, whereupon Chiesa heaped insults upon him and the army, and also declared that the Duchess Litta had been a great favorite of the late King Humbert. Deputy Morando, who is a nephew of the duchess, immediately boxed Chiesa's ears and then he and Generals Fecia and Prudente challenged Chiesa to combat.

STOPS BACKACHE FREE

Cures Kidney, Bladder, Rheumatism.

New Three-Fold LEXOID Treatment Now Saving Thousands from That Back-Breaking, Digging, Twisting, Terrible, Torturing Agony, Eases Stiff Joints, Quiets Those Heart Wringing Rheumatic Pains, and Soothes Those Unbearable Bladder Troubles at Once, as If by Magic.

I will send free of all cost, without charge, without obligation, a complete LEXOID treatment to any sick and suffering man or woman who needs the right kind of help. I do not ask for money and will accept no pay, not even a postage stamp. I will send the treatment free and stand the entire cost myself, because I wish to prove to every sufferer that relief can be had, that the nights of pain and sleeplessness and the days of misery and despair can be turned into ones of happiness and comfort.

For with my wonderful treatment thousands are now being cured and hear willing witness. Those suffering for years with the most chronic, obstinate and severe cases are being cured after all other remedies have failed. In all stages, among all classes, among either sex, among the rich and among the poor, everywhere, on every hand are those who can testify to the marvelous curing powers of this treatment that banishes uric acid.

Rich and Poor, Old and Young, All Perish Alike within the Death-Like Grip of Uric Acid.

If you have backache, headache, dizziness, puffy swellings under the eyes, or in the feet and ankles, nervousness, tired and worn out feeling, if the urine is light and pale, dark colored and cloudy, if you make water often, getting up during the night, if it smarts and burns when you pass it, if there is sediment or brick dust when it stands, write for this free treatment at once, without a moment's delay.

Like a serpents with its deadly fangs, kidney troubles quickly entwine the helpless patient, infusing the system with its poisonous uric acid. Slowly the racking pains clutch the sufferer more firmly in their unrelenting grasp, gradually the pains increase, slowly at first but gaining steadily, finally ending in a daily, nightly, constant, endless torture, Bright's disease, consumption of the kidneys—then convulsions undescribable—then death.

With my marvelous new three-fold LEXOID combined treatment all these troubles are quickly reached. For LEXOID drives away the poisonous impurities that clog the kidney and causing the trouble. As water quenches fire, LEXOID masters uric acid, cleanses and purifies, strengthens, invigorates and encourages the kidneys to properly filter the blood, stops all pains, gives strength to the nerves, new life and ambition to the mind and body and does it quickly, quietly, without loss of time.

I want every sufferer to know, to come, and to accept this free help wherein lies peace and happiness. My new scientific treatment is different from all others, is entirely harmless and guaranteed under the pure food and drugs act. There is nothing like it anywhere at any price, for I, alone, am its only possessor. But I will give it gladly to the needy. Without delay I will send it to all, free for the asking, to help those who need help, who are discouraged, downhearted and hopeless. For it brings peace and rest and comfort and quick relief to all suffering.

Editor's Note.—Every suffering reader of The Toledo Blade should write at once to President Watkins, of THE LEXOID COMPANY, 821 Wade Building, Cleveland, Ohio. He will send you a complete test course of treatment free, charges paid, to prove it does its work. None need have the least hesitancy in accepting his generous offer, for he is perfectly reliable and sends the treatment absolutely free, just as promised.

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From the Toledo Blade
Good for One Test Course Treatment Free

President Watkins, THE LEXOID CO.,
821 Wade Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio:
Please send me a FREE test course of your scientific three-fold LEXOID treatment, all charges paid, together with your free book about uric acid and the kidneys.

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Address.....

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FITS I wish every person in the U. S. suffering with FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS to send for one of my large-sized 16-ounce bottles FREE. DR. F. E. GRANT, Dept. 59, Kansas City, Mo.

ECZEMA CAN BE CURED. My mild, soothing, guaranteed cure does it and FREE SAMPLE proves it. STOPS THE ITCHING and cures to stay. WRITE NOW—TODAY. Dr. Cannaday, 243 Park Square, Sedalia, Mo.

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LADIES $1000 Reward! I positively guarantee my Great, Successful "MONTHLY" Remedy. Safely relieves some of the longest, most obstinate, abnormal cases in 3 to 6 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. MAIL, $1.50. Double Strength $2.00. DR. B. D. SOUTHINGTON CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES to men who will do work we direct. Position permanent. Write for full particulars. IMPERIAL MFG. CO., DEPT. 84 PARSONS, KANS.

LADIES SEWING at home, making Shields. Material furnished reliable women; $12 hundred; stamped envelope particulars Dept. A-21 Wayne Supply Co., Detroit, Mich.

MARRY BEST PLAN ON EARTH, sent FREE. PHOTOS OF EVERY LADY MEMBER. THE PILOT, Dept. 38 Marshall, Mich.

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ASTHMA CURE sent to any sufferer. If it cures send $1.00. If not, don't. Give express office. Write to-day. NATIONAL CHEMICAL CO., 631 Ohio Ave., Sidney, O.

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Earn $200 MONTHLY selling the Dr. Haux famous Perfect Vision Spectacles—finest and cheapest on earth. Write for agents and dealers terms. DR. HAUX SPECTACLE CO. Desk 190 Haux Building, St. Louis, Mo.

$90 A Month and expenses to travel, distribute samples and advertise; men and women; steady work. S. Scheffer, B 20, Chicago.

Post Card Portfolio of Passion Play Free Send 10c for a five months' trial subscription to Successful Farming and I will send you 10 beautiful Birthday and Greeting Post Cards and tell you how you may earn quickly my beautiful Post Card Portfolio (35 scenes) of the world-renowned Passion Play, of the Life of Christ. E. T. MEREDITH, 76 Tenth St., Des Moines, Ia.

MEN WANTED QUICKLY By big Chicago mail order house to distribute catalogues, advertise, $21 weekly; liberal expense allowance. MANAGER, 1216 State Street, Chicago.

SEEDS FREE 8 Pkts. To everyone sending 10c for a pkt. of our Prizetaker, the best tree tomato grown, we will send free one pkt. each of the following: Beet; Carrot; Cucumber; Lettuce; Onion, Radish and Glorious Mixed Flower Seeds. This 10c refunded first order. Send today before this offer is withdrawn. Our illustrated catalogue of Garden, Farm and Flower Seeds is sent free. J. W. Jung Seed Co., Dept. 4, Randolph, Wis.

WANTED! Young Men! Railroad Brakemen, Firemen, Motormen, Conductors. Experience unnecessary. Instructions by Mail. Send for application blank. Give age, and name position. Railway C. I. No. 38. Indianapolis, Ind.

PILES If you are afflicted with piles in any form write for a free trial treatment of Infallible Pile Tablets, and you will ever bless the day you read this. Infallible Tablet Co., Dept. 13, Marshall, Mich.

LADIES Our new "Protector" is safe and sure; price $1. Every woman wants one; made of silk rubber. Fairbank Supply House, MM 60 Wabash, Chicago

MUDLAVIA Mud Baths cure Rheumatism because they draw the pain and poison out of the body. Thousands cured. Big booklet—free. 1 year. For book that tells about the treatment, write to R. B. Kramer, Pres., Kramer, Ind. (8)

GET MARRIED Matrimonial paper with advertisements of marriageable people from all sections, rich, poor, old, young, Protestants, Catholics, etc., mailed sealed Free. D. G. GUNNELS, Toledo, Ohio.

FREE FORTUNE

Can be told from childhood up, past, present, future. Cause of failure and key to success can be given. Three 2c stamps and birth date gets a free reading. Can astonish you. Madam Irene, 115 E. Second st., Kewanee, Ills.

WHY REMAIN where the climatic conditions are so much against you, when you can purchase the richest land at lowest prices, in the county of Manatee, on which you can raise abundant fruit and vegetable crops the entire year? A ten-acre farm here will net you as much as a hundred acres in the northern states. Delightful climate, no droughts, convenient to markets, abundant labor, good schools. Goods shipped from Florida are sold at the highest prices in the northern markets. Locate in the land of Manatee, establish a fruit and vegetable farm and become independent. Booklet sent free, full information upon request. Write to J. W. White, Gen'l Inds. Agt., S. A. L. Railway, Norfolk, Va.

MEN WANTED to prepare for next railway mail, internal revenue, customs and postoffice examinations; $50 to $125 monthly; annual vacations; short hours; rapid advancement; steady work; common education sufficient. Country and city residents stand equal chance. Political influence unnecessary. Over 15,000 appointments to be made this year. Write immediately for schedule showing spring examination places and dates. To advertise, we are preparing candidates free. Franklin Institute, Dept. R. 84, Rochester, N. Y.

MEN WANTED in every locality in the United States to make $25 per week and $3 per day expenses advertising our goods, posting up showcards in all conspicuous places and generally representing us. Steady work to right men. No experience required. Write for particulars. ROYAL REMEDY CO., London, Ont., Canada.

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WE WILL DONATE FREE site and furnish free timber to any manufacturing company, who will locate in our new growing town. Cheap labor. Address, FRUITLAND COLONY COMPANY, Fruitland, Ga.

TOBACCO HABIT cured or no cost. Safe, pleasant, permanent. Physicians astounded. Greatest discovery of century. Send your address at once. Ni-ko Works, No. 14, Wichita, Kansas.

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Every parent will buy. Big money quick. Experience unnecessary. Outfit free. Star Publishing Co., 218 Madison st., Chicago, Ill.

NEW four-sieve strainer and "No Splash." Samples free to agents. Send 2c stamp. cost of mailing; $5 profits daily; let us prove it. SEED'S, 1624½ Duane St., New York.

1,000 MEN wanted to sell galvanized steel wire fish-traps on halves, price creek-traps $11; river traps $2.50, write us. Lilies Crowson, Bivins, Texas.

LADIES, whos delayed or irregular use Triumph Pills; always dependable. "Relief" and particulars free. Write National Medical Institute, Milwaukee, Wis.

FORTUNE TOLD—All matters of life carefully treated. Send birth date and 6c. C. Gooley, Box 53, Norton Mills, Vt.

PURE WHISKEY at 50 cts. a gallon. Information free. Pacific Agency, Box 600, Bandon, Ore.

No Hair No Pay!

We positively guarantee to grow hair and cure any scalp disease. Write for particulars; enclose stamp.
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MEN ONLY
CACTI SALVE [Compound]
The Old Established and Reliable Remedy.
For Debility, Weakness, Lack of Ambition and the usual troubles of men who have lived too rapid a life. The common sense way to treat any feeble part of the body is by direct application. Try Cacti Salve on it. Is absolutely harmless and guaranteed. Price $1.00 a large box, 3 boxes $2.00. Trial box with illustrating literature (booklet) by sealed mail 10c. silver. A customer writes: "Had I known of Cacti Salve earlier I could have saved hundreds of dollars spent with quack doctors." Don't delay; remember, one application positively proves its value.
J. Cacti Specialty Co., 25 3d Ave., N. Y. City

LADY BOUNTIFUL DIES

Countess Stavra Helped Young Americans.

Paris, March 8.—Scores of struggling young Americans in Paris lost a friend and benefactor when the Countess Stavra died. She was the most charitable woman in Paris, and most of her largess was given to those of her own countrymen and countrywomen who needed aid. She was buried from the American church in the Avenue Del'Alma, and dozens of those she had helped attended the services.

During the last months of her life she gave away thousands of dollars out of the fortune left her by Sount Stavra. When she died a table in her apartment in the Hotel Elysee Palace was covered with begging letters, many of them had not been opened. The countess, although she had lived abroad for many years, never lost her affection for American and Americans. She was born in Olympia, Wash., and her maiden name was Mabel Tilley.

When she was 17 her father died and she lost her mother a few months later. She was the posessor of great beauty, charm and artistic taste, and with these as her only capital she went to San Francisco. There she met James W. Mackay and became his protege. Later they came to New York. Makay gave her $40,000, and it is said that with this money she bought the house at 133 W. 71st-st., in which she lived.

This house in its day was famous for its decorations, furnishings and some admirable pictures of the Barbizon school

Learn To Play Piano or Organ In One Hour

A musical genius from Chicago has just invented a wonderful system whereby anyone can learn to play the Piano or Organ in one hour. With this new method you don't have to know one note from another, yet in an hour of practice you can be playing any music with all the fingers of both hands—and playing it well. The invention is so simple that even a child can now master music without costly instruction. Anyone can have this new method to examine merely by asking. You can keep it seven days, then if it is all that is claimed for it you pay $1.50, and $1.00 a month till $6.50 in all is paid. Simply write and say, "Please send me Easy Form Music method. as announced in Toledo Weekly Blade." The method and 100 pieces of music will be immediately shipped, all charges prepaid. Be sure to state how many white keys on your piano or organ. Address Easy Method Music Company, 344 Clarkson Building, Chicago, Ill.

DREADS NEGRO PROBLEM

Secretary of War Doesn't Like to Think of Future.

New Haven, Conn., March 5.—In speaking before the Southern club of Yale University on the negro question last night, Secretary of War G. M. Dickinson said: "There is a factor coming from the civil war which is just as portentous as that of slavery; a question which will be worse in its outcome unless we use more wisdom and, forbearance than we did with slavery. As the slavery question became more intense and acute, so the negro question is rendered more difficult because the overwhelming mass of negroes is bound to remain in the south. There is no opportunity for the race in the north. Even though the political alignment should break there comes a sectional question which will affect the whole country. In aspect the question is portentous, one which the distant future may solve. I am glad the future is of the nature of a closed book."

BIG WAVE ROLLS ON BOARD

One Passenger Killed, Five Hurt on Liner.

Halifax, N. S., March 5.—After battling with giant seas and great gales, the Canadian Pacific railway's steamer Empress of Britain arrived here last night, 30 hours overdue from Liverpool, and reported one steerage passenger killed and five others injured during the passage. Last Tuesday morning a big comber rolled on board and tons of water poured down into the "well," sending six steerage pasengers crashing against the sides of the cabin and the stairs. Edward James, aged 25, of Brombly, Kent, an engineer, had his skull fractured and died soon afterwards. He was buried at sea.

Made the Brush Bristle Up.

Envelope Opener—"Well, if you ain't the stuck-up thing."

Mucilage Brush—"I'm not like you anyway, always prying into other people's correspondence."

On top of the house was one of the first private roof gardens in New York.

It was also reported at that time that Charles Tilton, whom she married in 1894, had bought this house for her, paying $30,000 for the decorations and $100,000 for the furnishings.

In any event she sold the house and its contents soon after Tilton died. When the sale opened the house was crowded with women who wanted to buy some of the gowns for which Mrs. Tilton was famous, but they were disappointed when the auctioneer announced that the owner had cabled from Europe that they were not to be sold.

The beautiful widow had a brilliant career in Paris and Monte Carlo. She had suitors by the score. One was the son of the richest man in Greece. He blew out his brains when she refused him.

Then Count Stavra appeared on the scene. He was a Greek and very wealthy. His impetuous wooing soon distanced all competitors and Mrs. Tilton at last promised to become a countess. She stipulated, however, that he should wait a year. He agreed, and he sailed for New York. A week after her arrival the count landed there, and a few days later they were married at Newburg. They returned to England, where they bought a charming place at Maidenhead on the Thames. Then she married.

The count was called to South Africa on business and died there five months after the marriage. The news of his death was carried to the widow by Capt. Max De Bathe, who made the trip to London for that purpose.

The countess sold the English place for $30,000 and came to Paris. She also had the count's fortune, consisting of stocks, bonds and some real estate in America, amounting to more than $500,000. With this money she played the role of Lady Bountiful for several years and endeared herself to thousands. Since the first of this year the countess had been confined to her apartment in the hotel.

SUGAR TRUST IN CONTEMPT

Crew Is Forced to Abandon Steamer.

New York, March 3.—The federal grand jury today handed in a presentment against the American Sugar Refining company, charging it with contempt of court in failing to produce books and papers called for by the grand jury.

The subpoena upon which the presentment was based was served on Charles R. Heike, secretary of the corporation, citing him to produce contracts, correspondence, etc., in connection with the grand jury investigation which the grand jury is conducting under the Sherman anti-trust law.

When Heike, on February 28, appeared at the grand jury room in response to the subpoena, he asked to be sworn. This District Attorney Wise refused, owing to the possible immunity it might confer upon the secretary, who is under indictment on conspiracy charges and had previously pleaded immunity because of testimony he gave before the grand jury some time ago. The immunity phase of his case is now before the United States supreme court in Washington.

Judge Hand will set a date for argument on the order to show cause

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Look up, lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer; scattering sunshine along the way.

BE A CHUMMY MOTHER

The life of a young girl in my city gave me an idea for what I think is a most important subject for consideration. It is the training of our daughters and sons. The dear girl I speak of was given what is called the best education. She was crowded to the verge of ruined health, then taught to marry wealth. Love was not considered. She was married for six months only—not to the one of her heart—and then she was laid in her grave. She was never taught anything regarding the happiness of domestic life.

According to Montesquieu, the sacred books of the ancient Persians say: "If you would be holy, instruct your children, because all the good acts they perform will be imputed to you."

The training of our daughters in the making of a home, and the just treatment of those employed in our homes, are two much debated topics at the present time, and I think they are very important ones for our paper. There is material for many strong, helpful thoughts and ideas, and we may do much good.

As the average American woman is essentially a home-maker, why should not her training be in this direction. For many years, the cry has been: "We must educate our daughters!" How many know of beautiful girls, educated into their graves? At the same time, not one part of it has been concerned with "How to make a home."

How often do we hear these same dear girls boast that they know nothing about cooking or sewing, but can read Greek, etc., while mother is their servant? I believe that if parents are able to give their children an education, they should do so in the way for which they are best adapted. They should be taught, if possible, to have a purpose in life, and their education should be in accordance with this purpose. Sandwich in manual training for the sake of health. Add domestic duties, supplemented with music, a love for the beautiful, and a taste for good literature. Teach self-control and unselfishness, reverence for the parents and home, be they ever so humble or poor. So many parents put forth every effort, denying themselves everything they want, in order to educate their children equally with those of their neighbor, and forgetting such essential points of the education as grace, unselfishness, and love of home, till some day they find themselves too old-fashioned for their children and then, in their old age, they see their mistakes.

Oh, if more of us would instill the grace of God into our children along with the rest!

When she has finished school life, I would have the daughter remain in the home, perfecting herself in music if she is musical, and preparing herself for the home awaiting her sometime—somewhere. We should not forget to be the chum of our girls and boys, as well as their advisers. Step by step I think it the mother's duty to instruct her children in the laws of nature, "God's laws," and the sacred why and wherefore of them. I know that many mothers do not do this, and the children are sure to learn of them through the ignorant, unqualified ones who do not comprehend the sacredness of nature's law, and youth thus instructed grows up to hold lightly the marriage vow and its responsibilities.

I believe also we should train our boys to a certain extent in home duties, thereby enabling them to be better husbands, to better choose their mate in life, and to appreciate and consider a wife's good qualities.

I hope I have not made this tiresome, and that I may have given some helpful idea to some weary mother. I should enjoy reading the experiences of other mothers, and their thoughts on this subject, and those of the girls, also. I have had many dear girls come to me and ask questions, or lead their conversation up to the subject on their minds. Reading their wish in their dear minds, I have become their confidential adviser. They would tell me they could not "ask mother." She would put them off with an excuse. They could not tell what a hard task they had given her. I had a Christian mother, but not a confidential, chummy one, though she was loving, so I could see the need of girls and boys, and became my own children's confidential adviser, together with the children of other women. I want to say, "be a chummy mother." After the first "break" it will not be so hard, and when we get in return the comfort and satisfaction that comes from having the confidence of our dear children, we are paid for making the attempt.—A Chummy Mother.

WHAT SHE THINKS

I have read many, many things in the Cozy Corner that have interested me, and I have often thought I would write, but this is my first letter. I have often thought of writing a word of comfort to some whose letters I have read, while some others, I think, needed a word of reproof. Everyone has cares and trials in some way; some seem to have more than they can bear and they need encouragement, while others are able by God's help, to bear their burdens. One's health has much to do with regard to one's trials. One of the best ways to get through some of our trials, is to keep them to ourselves, and not tell gossiping neighbors, for there are those who pretend sympathy just to get something to talk about, but there are true friends. I do not think it best to tell our little family disturbances, even to true friends. I often think of the poem, "Winged Winds," and the answer in the last verse: "Yes, in heaven."

I have comfortable surroundings and do not know how I should get along were I placed where some are. I will sign what I think I am,—Queer. West Virginia.

AN EMBROIDERY CLUB

There is, in this city, a delightful, little organization called The Embroidery Club. Its object is to promote sociability. They have 14 members and meet every two weeks. Whoever is hostess, furnishes a nice luncheon. They have patterns of fancy work, which they exchange, and thus the new stitches are learned. The members pay ten cents at each meeting, and if any of the members or their near relatives die, a floral offering is sent. At the end of the year, they have an outing and go for a day to some interesting place.

There is another club similar to this one ,only the money is used to buy a hand painted plate for each member who entertains the club.—Aunt Sadie.

A HINT

I see much inquiry here and there for something to exterminate moths, bugs, etc., and I am forced to believe that comparatively few people are acquainted with the good qualities of powdered borax. I have used it for years and am never troubled with vermin, such as moths, bugs, ants, etc. It is inodorous, inexpensive, and will not harm the most delicate fabric. I sprinkle it under the edges of carpets, and if they are not taken up for two or three years, I have no fear of moths. I sprinkle it in drawers, closets, boxes, bundles, anything I want to lay away indefinitely, and give upholstered furniture a touch of it wherever there is a chance for moths to hide. I put my furs into a grain bag, sprinkle in borax, tie securely, and take no thought of them from spring until fall. If I fear that milk will sour in hot weather, I add a very little pinch of borax. I have not tried it, but I am told a plenty in some water, will clean a brussels carpet beautifully. It is whitening to clothes, good for the bath, good for hoarseness, and a whole lot of things.—M. E. S.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

I don't feel much like work this morning. I'd rather be outside sniffing the air. It seems like spring, but with a family so large as mine to look after one can't go gadding until work is done. How do you do?—Elizabeth.

Our latest letter writers are Hopeful, A Puzzled Woman, Mrs. C. W. Fogleman, Jane, A Sister in Christ, M. Elizabeth, A Busy Woman, and Mamma.

All letters for this page should be addressed to The Weekly Blade, Toledo, O., with Household Editor written somewhere on the envelope.

MORNING THOUGHTS

These good thoughs for the top o' the morning, are taken from the letters written to The Blade from various parts of the country. Watch for yourself.

SUNDAY

No wonder the birds sing so sweetly for the beauty which the Lord has placed here to make us happy, so let us be like the birds—happy.—Thankful Lou of West Virginia.

MONDAY

In everything we say, I think we should be careful, for God knows our hearts and there is no use in trying to be deceitful.—Aunta Banta of Michigan.

TUESDAY

Our lives are what we make them. It is in our power to live contented and happy lives if we can see things in the right way.—Contented and Happy Wife of West Virginia.

WEDNESDAY

I would say be of good cheer, there is help for you.—Jennie Ashford of Oregon.

THURSDAY

My husband was only permitted to stay with me a short time, for the Lord needed him worse than I did, but we had agreed that both of us would not get cross at the same time, and we lived up to the agreement. I feel much better that we did, as I think of how kind he was, and we both had lots of temper, but there is no use of letting it get away with your better judgment. It only makes matters worse.—Kate of Tennessee.

FRIDAY

The way to gain strength is not to be least bit in doubt, but think where's there's a will there's a way, for He that noteth the sparrow's fall will surely help.—Louise of Indiana.

SATURDAY

You surely owe a great duty to your children. Keep their minds pure and give them the advantage that the very poorest can give their children—a Christian training, so they may, as they grow older, be able to live honest and upright lives.—A. B. P. of Iowa.

Where the Sardines Come From

ALONG the northwestern coast of France is the land called Brittany; a land upon which modernity has made so little impression that not only the manners and customs, but also the superstitions, even the dress, are those of past generations. It is a land haunted by artists and writers. There, amid the picturesque people and wild and rugged scenery, is found rich material for paintings and stories.

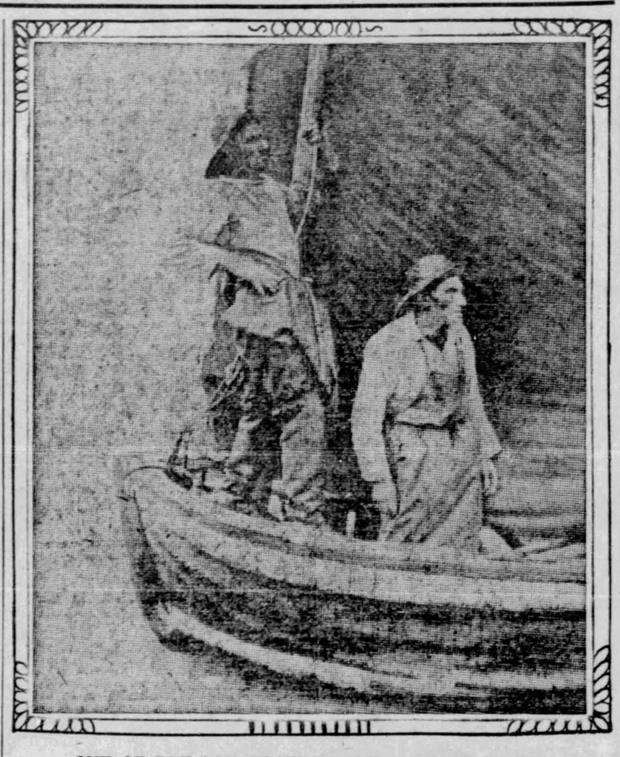
Brittany is a country of deep-sea fishermen, and it is one of the countries where sardines come from. In The Travel Magazine for March, Louis A. Springer describes and pictures this industry, and from his article the following story is taken:

"Along this coast are the greatest sardine fisheries in the world, and their value has been estimated at more than a million dollars a year. From Concarneau goes out a fleet of boats numbering about 2,000, built especially for this kind of fishing, and here as a center of the industry are the canneries and packing establishments, many of them operated by Americans and financed by American capital.

The fishing grounds are about five miles off coast. The masters of the little crafts hoist sail at 2 of the morning, and before dawn the whole fleet has departed. The boats are anchored head-on to the wind and the nets, of fine mesh dyed bright bluish green, are cast into the sea, weighted at one end and floated by cords so that when in the water they assume a vertical position. Then comes the most important part of the work, spreading the bait on the surface of the water. The bait is cod roe and frequently runs in price as high as $40 or $50 a barrel, and has cost even $60. It is so valuable, in fact, that no one but the master himself is entrusted with its distribution. He takes his place at the stern, spreads it with almost religious awe around his nets, and then waits for the glint of the silver on the water that tells the appearance of the school of fish. If luck favors him and the run is good, he draws up his nets alive with a quivering mass of tiny, glistening fish—as many as 100,000 have been made in one catch. He empties them into the hold of his boat and soon after daylight is making all sail back to port.

At sight of the first returning boat, the wharves take on great activity. Women in short, thick skirts, white caps, wide white collars and wooden shoes struggle for positions, while they never by any chance stop knitting for a single minute. They are the buyers for the canners and packing houses and are vigorous negotiators for the best that comes in. Sales must be made quickly after the arrival of a boat, for the little fish soon spoil.

Until 25 or 30 years ago, no one thought of a failure in the sardine



ONE OF THE 2,000 BOATS IN THE SARDINE FLEET.

catches, but recently they have been coming with alarming frequence; and, as the people are almost entirely dependent upon the industry, these seasons of poor catches have entailed great suffering. In one year there were 20,000 fishermen and 60,000 women and children on the verge of starvation. The sympathy of all France was enlisted and the government was compelled to come to their relief. The people of this whole coast practically existed on charity until the coming of another prosperous fishing season.

The deeply religious Breton saw in these troubles the chastening hand of God, and sought to avert the Divine wrath by attending in greatly increasing numbers the prayer houses peculiar to Brittany. From all along the coast the populace flocked to the shrine of Sainte Anne, the great rendezvous of the sailor folk, the women from the Isle of Saints, with their sombre, black headdresses, the men dressed in blue, with bright buttons, the Plougastel fishermen trousered like Greeks.

Each parish brought its banner of saints and early Breton missionaries. Prominent in the procession were the sailors and fishermen—a great company bronzed and weather-beaten, with the marks of their severe life upon them. After came the widows of the sea, wearing the black coiffes of mourning. As they passed the music was still and only the sea was heard.

Each summer, consequently, in every fishing village, there is the impressive ceremony of blessing the fleet. The procession leaves the church—first the acolytes in red, then the priest in his cape of gold and silk and the chanters—escorting the image of the patron Saint Peter and that of the saint who presides over the destinies of the village. At the wharf the priest leads the way to the freshly painted, newly rigged boats. The tawny sails are spread and the fleet puts forth to open sea, every boat crowded to the gunwales. The priest stands amid the swaying banners, glittering in the sunlight, solemnly blesses the sea and prays that the catch may be bountiful and that the storms may skirt the Breton coast.

Popping the Question

The following, called John's Essay on "popping the question," was sent to us by Kate B. Fuller, of Illinois. Her object was, and is, to make the M. G. R.'s laugh.

"The other day I heard Uncle Joe tell ma he wished he could get courage to pop the question. Says I, 'What is popping the question!' Then ma and uncle just laughed and laughed, and I went tearing off to school, mad as Tucker. Got to playing marbles and forgot all about it till just before recess, then I held up my hand. The teachers says, 'What is it ,John?'

"'What does popping the question mean?' I said.

All the big boys and girls laughed till you would of thought they would have been tired, and the teacher she just laughed too. 'Well, I was sad again. How was I ever to find out anything? I sat there and thought. Was there something funny about popping the question, or was it people, or was I queer?

"About a week after that, pa and Mr. Hopkins were sitting on the front porch talking, when I thought I would put it in a new way. So I says: 'Pa I want to pop the question.'

"They just roared. I set out and ran about a mile till I came to the brook, there I sat down with my back to a tree and thought. I made up my mind never to ask anyone again, but I want to know worse than ever, and I'm going to find out. I'll study harder than ever, 'specially language and dictionary, and I know I'll find out by the time I'm 20 years old, and if I ever do find out, I'm going to pop the question. Sure."—John.

SOME POINTERS

Every day, whether the weather is fine or not, get out into the open, even if you cannot do more than run around a block.

We are all dreamers of dreams in some form or other. Let them be pleasant dreams, not nightmares.

When the world seems to turn a shining face toward you, it is because your own face is shining. The same rule works the other way. Take notice.

If people will not do what you want them to, why, try to like what they want to do.

No matter what your failures and mistakes, if you reach for the right and stick to it, you cannot be kept down.

The best way to do when you hear a thing derogatory to another, is not to believe it, much less repeat it.

There are always two sides to every question, my friends. Know both sides before you form an opinion.

All that is necessary when falsely accused of wrong-doing is to conduct your life in a way that proves the other fellow is mistaken. You need not speak a word in self-defense; you need do nothing to get even.

The best way to "get even" is to do something kind.

If you have a chip on your shoulder, take it off.—Elizabeth.

A NEW SENSE

Lillian caused much merriment at the table one day when she found fault with the mineral water that they gave her to drink. Her mother asked her: "Why, don't you like the water, dear? What does it taste like?" She answered: "I don't like the old water at all, it tastes like my foot's asleep."—The Delineator.

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

We are asked to explain the Merry Go Round. It is a club of letter writers which has no limitations, either in location or the number of members. The only restriction is that the letter writers must be over 16 years of age. It is for both sexes, for anyone who feels inclined to join by means of a letter, which shall be either entertaining or informing. Anyone may write who feels inclined. The object of the M. G. R. is explained by the motto. Letters for this department should be addressed to the Household Editor, Blade. Your real name should be signed to your letter in addition to your pen name, if you choose to be anonymous.

Dear Readers of the Merry Go Round—I hope there is no age limit to your circle, because I want to join you. You see, I am 18 years old. I think I am very old and worldly-wise, but I have found that others do not, so I am coming a little timidly, begging to be taken in. The letters all seem to be so full of real, real things, that I thought you might not want an inexperienced girl, but I am going to write anyway, because I have enjoyed your letters, dear unknown people. And would it not be fun if we were to meet sometime, somewhere, and accidentally stumble across the fact that we are both, or all, Merry-Go-Rounders?

It seems as if I had oceans to tell you, interesting things, ranging from veritable heart-throbs to extremely amusing stories, but I am not going to say much in this letter. I'll wait and see—well, you know a good beginning is half done, and I have not even begun that I am sure of.

My letters will be like the Thanksgiving dinner after the oysters have been served, more coming. Rather far-fetched simile, is it not, and not much of a word poem. I will tell, however, that I am a great lover of dogs. Is there any among you, I wonder, who, when he looks into the large, gentle eyes of a dog, feels that he is looking into the eyes of a friend? I wish you would write about it if you do, because I am sure we should have so much in common.

Because I am young I am very happy, and have always looked at the world through rose-colored glasses. I believe now that everything is very good and very beautiful. Let us all think so, because it is a dear old world, after all. I hope I can always think that way. I am going to try—anyway.

Dear people, we have a Father who loves us very much and who will always care for us if we only do our part. I love that, don't you?

With love and best wishes and sincere admiration for you all.—Ene, Toledo.

You are "in." Come again.—Elizabeth.

After having read the good old Blade for almost 30 years, it occurred to me that I was eligible to a seat in the M. G. R., even if I have a few gray hairs, so if someone will vacate one of the hobby horses, I will take a little whirl just for the novelty.

I was much interested in Leonie's description of her visit to the west, but I think she left out some of the most interesting sights. The Royal Gorge, near Canon City, is certainly one of the grandest scenes of the world. The stupendous walls of solid rock, rising on both sides to a height of a little over half a mile, with their coloring of every hue, and looking so close together at the top that it seems as if one could almost jump across make a sight worthy of a poet's pen.

Another is the Shoshone Falls on the Snake river in Idaho. The river is 12,000 feet wide and deep enough for navigation. It plunges over a perpendicular precipice 250 feet high, nearly 100 feet higher than Niagara. The roar fairly shakes the earth, and the spray rises like a cloud, from which, at certain points, you can see the rainbow in a complete circle.

Another great sight is Mt. Shasta, compared with which Mt. Hood, Jefferson, Rainer and Pike's Peak look tame. Possibly some of you are a little rusty in your geography, so I will say that Shasta is not far north of Sacramento, in California, and its height is 14,444 feet, but we must remember that mountains are measured by their height from the level of the sea, and, as the base of Mt. Shasta is only a little above the sea, while the others are several thousand, you get a full view of its dizzy height.

One correction I want to make in Leonie's description, and that is regarding the population of Portland. A Portlander would murder you if you told him his city was not as big as Seattle. They claim 300,000.

Now, sisters M. G. R., don't get scared because an old man looked in, and say he is an old widower looking for a wife. Not so. I have a wife, one of the best in the world, and two bouncing youngsters, and they are all away, attending college, that is, the children are in college, and their mother is with them, for reasons you may guess, and that is why, I guess, that I am writing this. I will sign the name my daughter calls me when she wants a little extra money.—Dear Daddy, Kansas.

POETS' CORNER

THE LITTLE LORD AND THE FARMER

Author Unknown.

A little lord engaged in play,
Carelessly threw his ball away;
So far beyond the brook it flew
His lordship knew not what to do.

By chance, there passed a farmer's boy,
Whistling a tune in childish joy;
His frock was patched and his hat was old,
But his manly heart was very bold.

"You little chap, pick up my ball!"
His saucy, lordship loud did call;
He thought it useless to be polite
To one whose clothes were in such a plight.

"Do it yourself for want of me,"
The boy replied right manfully;
Then quietly he passed along,
Whistling aloud his fav'rite song.

His little lordshop furious grew,
For he was proud and hasty, too;
"I'll break your bones," he rudely cries,
While fire flashed from both his eyes.

Now heedless quite which way he took,
He tumbled plump into the brook;
And, as he fell, he lost his bat,
And next, he dropped his beaver hat.

"Come help me out," enraged he cried;
But the sturdy farmer thus replied;
"Alter your tone, my little man,
And then I'll help you all I can.

"There are few things I would not dare
For gentlemen who speak me fair;
For rude words I do not choose
To wet my feet and soil my shoes."

"Please help me out," his lordship said;
"I'm sorry I was so ill-bred."
"Tis all forgot," replied the boy,
And gave his hand with honest joy.

The proffered aid his lordship took.
And soon came safely from the brook;
His looks were downcast and aside,
For he felt ashamed of his silly pride.

The farmer brought his ball and bat,
And wiped the wet from his dripping hat;
And mildly said as he went away,
"Remember the lesson you've learned today.

"Be kind to all you chance to meet,
In field, or lane, or crowded street;
Anger and pride are both unwise;
Vinegar never catches flies."

—McGuffey's Second Reader.

WISH'T I WUS A GIRL

Author Unknown.

Wish't I wus a gurl,
Stid uv bein' a boy,
An' bang my hair, an' eat ice cream,
An' ride a-hind my feller's team,
Like gurls duz——
Wish't I wuz a gurl!

Wish't I wus a gurl,
An' when't come Sunday nite
I'd whack that old plainer,
Just clean up outen site,
An' I'd marry some rich feller
Like gurls duz——
Wish't I wuz a gurl!

Wish't I wus a gurl,
I'd just chaw gum and talk,
An' when out ter promenod
I'd take up all the walk,
Like some gurls duz——
Wish't I wuz a gurl!

Wish't I wus a gurl,
All boys good fer is't
Ter carry coal an' gun odd jobs
An' git off the walk for dudy snobs
Like I did t'other nite——
Wish't I wuz a gurl!

Wish't I wus a gurl,
Wish't the Lord made all boys gurls
An' made gurls boys tud ben the same
An' I'd ben Lizy Ann by name,
An' she'd been John or Joe stid of Jane,
Wish't he had——
Wish't I wuz a gurl!

COLLEEN BAWN

Author Unknown.

Colleen Bawn, the golden dawn,
Is rising o'er Killarney,
The minstrel boy to war has gone
And left behind his blarney,
The harp that once thro' Tara's hall
Now rings a war-like story,
It's calling me across the sea,
To fight for love and glory.
CHORUS.
Colleen Bawn your tears are falling
Kiss me farewell my Colleen,
Can't you hear the piper's calling—
'Tis thee wearing of the green,
Wear the shamrock that I gave you
'Twill remind you when I'm gone,
Acushla this is what I sing
A bushel o' kisses I will bring
For you my Colleen Bawn.

Colleen Bawn when I am gone
I wonder will you miss me;
Don't be afraid some other maid
Will fall in love and kiss me,
For if they do I'll think of you
Awaiting here and sighing
I'll drop my gun and start to run
And hurry home a-flying.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

Weather in Toledo at present time of writing—Bright and fair and a good deal like spring. Come on out, the weather is fine.—Elizabeth.

If you know anything cheerful or amusing to write about, send it in. This is our good cheer column.

Allison—There are no admission fees attached to the M. G. R. It is a free show.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM

By Robert Southey.

It was a summer evening—
Old Kasper's work was done,
And he before the cottage door
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild, Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet,
In playing there, had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kasper took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh—
"'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory."

"I find them in the garden,
For there's many hereabout;
And often when I go to plow,
The plowshare turns them out;
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes—
"Now tell us all about the war
And what they fought each other for."

"It was the English," Kasper cried,
"Who put the French to route;
But what they fought each other for
I could not well make out;
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory."

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burned his dwelling to the ground
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother there,
And new born baby died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won—
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be,
After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene."
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay, nay, my little girl!" quoth he,
"It was a famous victory.

"And everybody praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he;
"But 'twas a famous victory."

POETRY BUSINESS

Toledo Subscriber—You will easily find Will Carleton's poem, Over the Hills to the Poor House, in the public library. Inquire in the reference room. We have published it once.

A Toledo friend writes—"In tonight's paper I find the familiar words of Nellie Gray, with author unknown. The late Benjamin Russell Hanby, graduate of Otterbein University, Westerville, Ohio, class 1858, is the author. At the university a tablet has been erected to his memory. He is buried at Westerville. Nellie Gray was composed while its author was on a railroad journey. Mr. Hauby was a frequent visitor at my mother's home,—Mrs. F. H. E.

POEMS REQUESTED

The poem which tells the story of an Arab who declined to sell his favorite horse is asked for. It is in McGuffey's Fourth Reader, and has these lines. My beautiful, my beautiful, that standest meekly by.

The Bridal of Malahide is asked for. It begins: The joy bells were ringing in gay Malahide.

The words to this old hymn are wanted: Child of sorrow, child of care, wouldst't thou learn thy griefs to bear?

The Polly Williams song is requested. It begins: Young men and young maidens, come hear a sad story.

THE DIFFICULTY

The woman had been knocked down by a street car. Physicians who were summoney found that both of her arms had been broken. An ambulance had been called and she was about to be placed in it when she burst into tears.

"There, there, madam," said one of the doctors soothingly. "You have been very brave; do not give way now. It will only take a few minutes to put your arms in casts."

"It-t isn't t-that," the woman replied between sobs. "It's lots w-w-worse. I-I-I've g-of o-on m-m-m-my red flannel underwear!"—The Woman's National Daily.

REAL-LIFE GLIMPSES

BY ELIZABETH

THE OTHER DAY I saw a high-up school room, here in the heart of Toledo. It is not only high-up in height, but high-up teaching is going on within its walls. It is a big, square, fresh-air, corner room, which has many windows, and outside the windows are the top branches of tall trees, barren of verdure now, but their lace-like twigs and branches, let you know what they can do in the matter of leaves when leafing times comes around.

On the sills of the windows potted plants are growing. They are plants of the home-folks variety—geraniums and such. They stay green all winter while the trees have temporarily suspended business, and so carry on a semblance of summer while it has vanished from this part of the land.

On the floor there is an occasional rug, placed where it will do the most good, and on the walls, fastened against strips of dark green burlap, are pictures. Some of the pictures have been cut from magazines, and some are postcards. All have their value; not only in helping to beautify the room, but in the instruction they afford the children. They look pretty against the dark, green background, and you know, if you take notice of such things, that the one who put them there has an artist's eyes, though she may not realize it herself. Some of the pictures are portraits of famous men and women. Others are pictures of famous buildings, and there are pictures of places which have been the scenes of famous events. With every picture is connected a story, and these stories are told to the children and made to sink in by means of the pictures. Thus is taught much history.

The same pictures are not always there. When one set has been absorbed, another takes its place, and so the picture teaching goes hand in hand with the book study, supplementing and rounding out the substantial mathematics, geography, grammar and the other seemingly commonplace studies which form the solid, lower rounds of the educational ladder. Besides this, there is other teaching just as important going on, and this is the teaching that instructs in the gospel of kindness, love and good cheer—the GRACIOUS GOSPEL, I call it. The children in the high-up school room gave a recitation in this gospel the morning I was there, because it was nearly noon, and too late to have any other. Confidentially, I was glad to have this one, because the routine studies do not interest me very much. They have to be, of course, but they are one of the things I am willing to take the other fellow's word for.

The way the children in this high-up school room are being taught the GRACIOUS GOSPEL is by means of short verses, just two or three lines, sometimes, which express a whole volume in words. And the eagerness of the children to speak their little pieces was a joy! They all wanted to get into the game simultaneously and together.

Now, the children who have the advantage of being in this high-up school room will never forget the bright, cheery place, or the one who blazed their way along the first trail of learning.

EARLY IMPRESSIONS ARE THE ONES WE RETAIN THE LONGEST, AND IT IS FAR BETTR FOR ALL CONCERNED THAT THEY SHOULD BE PLEASANT, INSTEAD OF DISAGREEABLE. IF THE LITTLE CHILDREN ARE STARTED RIGHT, THERE WILL BE LESS NEED FOR JAILS AND REFORMATORIES AND LESS NECESSITY FOR BEATING THEM BACK INTO SHAPE WHEN THEY ARE OLDER AND LESS PLIABLE.

Doubtless there is high-up teaching going on in other school rooms in Toledo, and in other school rooms all over the country. It chanced—intentionally—that I went to visit the one which makes this story, and so I have used it as an object lesson.

The one who conducts this high-up school room has given her life to the service ,and she is still filled with "ginger" and enthusiasm. I do not think she has the least idea of how good and great a thing she is and has been doing. She expects neither fame nor acclaim, but just goes her quiet way, laying stone after stone of a firm foundation, helping more than she knows to erect beautiful human edifices. Her name is well-known in Toledo; it is well-known to many who have gone out into the world from Toledo. It is only a short name, and it is spelled MISS BANGS. I should like to print her picture with this, but that would have necessitated telling her of my dire intention, and so spoiled the surprise.

SHE'S BEEN talking again; that business woman of my acquaintance, who has been doing so much talking of late, thereby giving proof of the inconsistency of our sex, since she really prides herself on not being much of a talker. This is what she had to say at our most recent debate, and thus she said it:

"Occasionally I have the necessity or inclination to go out in the evening," she said, "and as it happens, I usually go alone, having none of my own near enough to go with me. Anyway, I have the habit of going about by myself, and never think of stopping at home for lack of company.

"The other evening I came in from a brief pilgrimage into the outer world, and, as I entered the house, I was greeted with the inquiry from a young lady who lives under the same roof with me: 'Aren't you afraid to be out alone in the evening?'

"'What of?' I inquired in return.

"'Why, I don't know,' she answered, slowly, looking a bit puzzled, and as if I had asked her something she had never thought of before.

"We both laughed a little, at and with each other, and went our separate ways.

"Well," I thought to myself, "why is it that women are afraid to go out alone after dark? Why is it they think it a deed of daring to go without company into the lighted streets of Toledo, where nothing worse happens that we hear of than an attempt at highway robbery in the form of handbag grabbing? This is invited by the 'vulgar display of wealth,' or the appearance of it, of which the swinging handbag gives evidence, though it may be false. This custom is a form of putting temptation in the way of the weak or benighted, and then, when we are called upon to pay the penalty of having instigated a crime, in our blindness we think it is the other fellow who is to blame, not ourselves. If we put temptation in the way, some one is going to fall before it, especially if he thinks we have more than he has, and he needs the money.

"I do not believe that lone women should make a practice of frequenting the streets at night, but if they have something to go for, or some place they wish to go to, it is my experience that they may go alone and unmolested. It does not fall to the lot of every woman to have a sheltered life, or 'steady company' to go about with, and lacking these, she must depend on herself.

"The chief bugaboo with women who regard going out alone in the evening as a perilous thing, seems to be that they will be spoken to by some strange man. Well, what of it? Being spoken to by a strange man is nothing that will not come off. This fear has its humorous side, since us women, half the time are afraid some man will not speak to us. The accent should be on the 'will not.'

"It is a sad thing that human beings fear one another. There are no savage animals prowling about in the streets of Toledo; it is fear of our kind with which we are held in bondage; the 'kind' in this instance meaning the entire scope of humanity. We do not trust one another, therefore we are afraid.

"The sheltered life, while it may be the best life there is, is not possible for every woman, and the best thing for a woman to do who must fend for herself, is to get acquainted with as many members as she can of the great human family to extend friendliness and good fellowship to everyone with whom she comes in contact; and to expect nothing else in return. Be a case of 'how are you?' with everyone you meet, and you will be made to feel that all is well. It is a blessed and wonderful thing to be in close touch with many members of the earth's great family.

"'There's a devil lurking behind every corner,' a man of rigorous thought said to me. I'll not deny his assertion; he may know better than I; but I know this, the devil is not likely to come out and get you unless you show fear of him, or invite him into your company.

LOVE YOUR FELLOW MEN AND WOMEN AS YOU LOVE YOURSELF, AND YOU WILL HAVE NO FEAR," she said in conclusion.

And these are the latest things this business woman of my acquaintance has told to me. I suppose they seem like the dream of an idealist, but did you ever take notice that an idealist's dreams are always ruled by kindness and beauty, and the more they dream these dreams, the more they will help kindness and beauty to come true.

FROM THE CHILDREN

Today, just by way of a variety, we shall "lead off" with a story. I think you chilluns will like it. It is entitled—

A Story of Two Cats.

One night the snow was on the ground, and Mr. Tom Cat thought he would roam around a while, so he went to Mrs. Green's house, who lived about a mile from him. She had a very pretty daughter, whom she called Tootsie. She always wore a black and white frock all the time, so Mr. Tom Cat fell in love with her, and he asked Tootsie to be his wife. She said that she did not know; that he would have to ask her mother. The next night, he came and handed Mrs. Green a letter, which read as follows:

"Mrs. B. B. Green,
"Chicken,
"Ky.:

"Dear Mrs. Green—As the snow is on the ground tonight I would like very much to have your daughter Tootsie. I fell in love with her the other night, and I think she is the sweetest cat I have ever seen. Now Mrs. Green, if you will give her to me, I will thank you very much. Your best friend, TOM CAT.

Mrs. Green's letter:
"Mr. Tom Cat,
"Chicken,
"Ky.:

"Dear Tom—You said that you would like very much to have my daughter Tootsie. If you will promise me that you will be good to her, and give her all she can eat, you can have her. Yours truly,
"MRS. GREEN."

Mr. Tom Cat told Mrs. Green that he would be so good to her; that he would not let her even wash her face, and would keep food lying by her all the time, so the next day they were married by the turkey who lived on the edge of a hill. The turkey gave a dance and a big dinner. The owl played the music, and they danced by the light of the moon. On returning home they found a location place in a little woods under the ground. They settled there and were happy as could be.—Written by Crena Medley, of Kentucky.

Dear Children of The Blade—I live on a farm called Westview, with my great-uncle and aunt, who never had any little children. My mamma is dead and my papa and little brother live in another country. They come to see me sometimes. I am seven years old and go to country school. I have a nice cat and some guineas. My aunt says I may buy some eggs and raise chickens to get me a ring, because mine is too little. Aunt's chickens are all white, so I will raise dark ones.—Viola Finn, Missouri.

Dear Readers of The Blade—I am one of you, and am interested in all of the letters. I live in a pretty little town in Michigan by the name of St. Louis. There is a mineral water spring here, and people from all parts of the United States and Canada come here for their health. There are many fine places here. It is a very hilly country all around in places. I live on a hill. My people call it Piety Hill. I am a sort of a shut-in at present, as I have a very bad cold and cannot go out anywhere. My birthday was the 4th of March. I sent my best wishes.—Fannie L. Corwin, Michigan.

I will write my first letter to The Blade. I am a little girl 11 years old, and I go to school in the fifth grade. I live in the Ozara mountains in Arkansas, in the town of Sulphur Springs. I enjoy reading the children's letters and also the Household page. My papa is a carpenter, and has been taking The Blade a long time. My grandfather, G. W. Edison, has been a subscriber for about 33 years. I am not like most of the children who write letters. I have no brothers or sisters. I have one pet, a cow, and her name is Red. I will close by saying Hurrah for the children's letters!—Minnie E., Arkansas.

OWES HER LIFE TO

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Chicago, Ill.—"I was troubled with falling and inflammation, and the doctors said I could not get well unless I had an operation. I knew I could not stand the strain of one, so I wrote to you sometime ago about my health and you told me what to do. After taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier I am to-day a well woman."—Mrs. WILLIAM AHRENS, 988 W. 21st St., Chicago, Ill.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female diseases of any similar medicine in the country, and thousands of voluntary testimonials are on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., from women who have been cured from almost every form of female complaints, inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration. Every such suffering woman owes it to herself to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

FORCED BY GRATITUDE OF HUNDREDS to Repeat His Offer

of Feb. 10th in the Toledo Blade.

have been so mov- the past few weeks the gratitude of do Blade readers I have decided to e again the offer ch I made in the 10th issue. This hat I said: "I am g to **Give Away a Treatment for** fness, to every suf- who asks for it. e letters of re- have poured in: rs of grateful ks have also pour- in. From every of the continent, people whom I cured of that r i b le affliction— fness—are thank- me.

letter from the Far West says, "Allow to thank you a thousand times for the hearing you have restored to me." A r from New England says, "I bless the I saw your offer, for you have cured me eafness."

afness Treatment Free

ese many letters of gratitude have hed my heart, and so I say again to readers of Toledo Blade, I will give a Free Treatment for Deafness to sufferer who writes for it."

is offer can only be made for a very time. If you are Deaf, or have any ble with your ears, write for a Free tment.

is treatment is entirely free. I want to you. I know what you suffer in the ap- ch of Deafness, and the intolerable y of complete Deafness. I know that I cured many, many people who were I want you to have the same oppor- y to hear again. **Write today for my ment for Deafness.**

nd off now, a post card or letter request. t delay, or it may be too late. If you even the slightest feeling that some- is wrong with your ears, be on the side and **send for treatment.** It won't you anything. If you are growing Deaf, have become discouraged and tired of rimenting, profit by the example of those have been cured by my treatment. Many ese people thought that they never could ured, they had tried so many different s which never did them any good. My ment restored their hearing.

rite today for a Free Deafness Treatment **eafness Specialist** Sproule, 43 **Trade** ding, Boston, Mass.

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Lady May Do It at Home— Costs Nothing to Try.

den Remedy Insures Happy Homes.

last, drunk no more, no more! A treatment is tasteless and odorless, safe, absolutely heartily endorsed by temperance workers; be given secretly by any lady in tea, coffee ood; effective in its silent work;—the crav- for liquor relieved in thousands of cases out the drinkers' knowledge, and against his Will you try such a remedy if you can e its effect, free to you? Then send the on below for a free trial package, today.

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I am certainly willing to use the free trial ckage of your Golden Remedy which you can be given secretly and easily at me. It must be indeed a "Golden Rem- y." Send it to me quickly.

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Address.....

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ree Help for Weak Stomachs

Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin Sent Free o Any Sufferer—Nature's Wonder- ful Cure for Stomach, Liver and Bowel Troubles—Try It Free Yourself.

o you suffer from a weak stomach, m a lazy liver, from constipated vels? Are you disgusted with salts, nartic pills, purgative waters, etc.?

you ready to try nature's own cure, Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin? Thous- ds are curing themselves with this nderful remedy. A free trial bottle t to your home will prove to you t you, too, can be cured. You need if you suffer from any of the fol- ing symptoms of stomach, liver or wel trouble:

nstipation	Sick Headache
igestion and	Torpid Liver
yspepsia	Loss of Appetite
ur Stomach	Laziness
s or Wind on	Flatulency
he Stomach	Disturbed Sleep
tress after eating	Catarrh of the
lousness	Stomach

end your address to Dr. W. B. Cald- ll, 625 Caldwell Bldg., Monticello, Ill., d a free trial bottle will be sent to ur home. This will prove to you onger than any words that Dr. Cald- ll's Syrup Pepsin is a remarkable tive tonic and will cure you. Drug- ts in all parts of the country have d it for twenty years. Thousands of milies keep it regularly in the house. cures old chronic cases of lifelong nding. It acts gently but effectively. d never gripes. Its tonic ingredients in the stomach muscles to do their rk naturally. In this way thous- ds have been cured and now need dicine no more. Its pleasant taste commends it to women and children. purity is vouched for to the Govern- nt. Results are guaranteed or money refunded.

Send the doctor your address today a free trial bottle, and, also, if there any medical advice you want he will glad to give it to you without arge. Write today and see for your- f that a cure is possible when the ht remedy is used.

A GUIDE TO THE LAST WEST

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Send for a **Free Copy.** It describes our 100,000 acres choicest Farming Lands in the Tramping Lake and Houghton Lake districts of

WESTERN CANADA.

It tells you how to secure a Home or to make a profitable investment. tells of the great crops, low prices, easy terms, of the many reasons why you should investigate NOW, before it is too late. Our private car, the "LENZA", goes the 1st and 3rd Tuesdays each month. We save you money on Fares, Meals and Berths. Write today for our **FREE GUIDE**. Don't put it off. Address our Main Office, 257 Germania Life Bldg. St. Paul, Minn. **Luse Land & Development Co., Ltd.**

THOS. C. PLATT DEAD

Read and Chatted Brightly During His Last Day of Life.

PLATT'S CAREER.

Born July 15, 1833, at Oswego, N. Y.
Entered Yale with the class of '53.
Received honorary degree of A. B. in 1876.
Member of Forty-third and Forty-fourth congresses.
Elected United States senator January 18, 1881.
Resigned with Conkling May 16 same year.
Elected United States senator in 1896, re-elected 1902.
Term expired March 3, 1909.
President of the U. S. Express Co. since 1880.
Delegate to six national Republican conventions.
Died New York city March 6, 1910, agen 76 years, 7 months and 19 days.

New York, March 7.—Thomas Collier Platt, for a quarter of a century the most powerful factor in New York politics and the founder of the modern political machine, died yesterday in his seventy-seventh year. His long life ended as a slender cord might snap in twain.

By reason of their regular Sunday visits to their father rather than from a belief that the end was near, his three sons, Frank, Edward and Harry, and Mrs. Frank Platt were at his bedside in the apartments of Mr. and Mrs. Gustave Abels, 133 W. Eleventh street, with whom the senator has made his home for the past five years. Dr. Paul Auterbridge, the family physician, and Mr. and Mrs. Abels were also present.

Senator Platt, whose wonderful mentality has triumphed for almost a score of years over physical infirmities, was in one of his brightest and most jovial moods. He rallied from a sinking spell which sent him to bed at 1 o'clock in the afternoon and which recurred at 3 o'clock and was chatting on topics of news when the doctor arrived at 3:30 and he playfully joked the physician about coming when his services were not needed. Propped in bed he took part in the small talk of those present for 15 minutes after the arrival of the physician, then a tremor passed through his frail frame and by the time Dr. Auterbridge reached the side of his patient Senator Platt was dead.

Last Wednesday Senator Platt went to his office at 2 Rector street, leaving his home at 7 o'clock in the morning for his work, as was his custom throughout his business career. There he attended to his duties as President of the United States Express company. He had not relinquished or delegated to others any of the important duties of his office.

The beginning of the end was noted Thursday. Senator Platt was eating his early morning meal preparatory to going to his office, when he suddenly fainted at the table. Dr. Auterbridge was summoned, but no particular alarm was felt as for four years Senator Platt had been a chronic sufferer from Bright's disease and occasionally experienced sinking spells. He quickly recovered consciousness and was assisted to his room and put to bed. Yesterday morning Senator Platt felt strong enough to leave his bed. He went to breakfast, and after the meal found an easy chair in the library and read the morning papers, showing the keenest interest in the political news and the reports of the Allds-Conger investigation at Albany, in which his name had been brought to the fore as the dictator of legislation on a number of occasions.

Laying aside the newspaper, he picked up Coniston, a novel by Winston Churchill, which he had been reading, and resumed the narrative, reading and occasionally chatting with Mr. and Mrs. Abels. When Senator Platt rose to go to luncheon, about 1 o'clock, he gripped the arms of the chair and then sank back exhausted. He did not lose consciousness, but became very weak and decided to return to bed.

The end was startlingly sudden. An hour before the senator died his two sons, Frank and Edward, with their families, and his widowed son, Harry with the latter's daughter, Charlotte, and son Sherman, had left the house after their usual Sunday visit. The senator said at that time that he felt very well and thought he would read the Sunday papers. At 3 o'clock he was taken with a fainting fit and Dr. Auterbridge was notified and returned in haste. Mr. Platt recovered from his first lapse, but sank into unconsciousness again at 3:30, and died 15 minutes later.

Scores of friends called today at the home of Frank H. Platt, where the body of the dead senator lies, to pay their respects. There will be no public funeral in this city and the body will be taken tomorrow to Owego, N. Y., where funeral services will be held Wednesday morning in the Presbyterian church. The former senator will be buried in the church yard beside the first Mrs. Platt.

Senator Platt was not, in the larger meaning, a rich man and is said to have divided his fortune among his heirs at the time of his trouble with his second wife, who was Mrs. Janeway. His successor as president of the United States Express company has not been selected.

BILLIONS TO DIE THIS YEAR

Country-Wide Attack to Be Made on House Fly.

Washington, March 4.—A concerted country wide attack is to be made on the house fly this year, according to Chief Entomologist Howard, who testified yesterday before a house committee. When spring begin hundreds of scientists aided by laborers, drugs and chemicals and mechanical "killers" will try to drive the household pests out of existence.

Dr. Howard says the campaign will be opened in the country districts and the department will issue a farmers' bulletin giving advice as to the ills the flies are responsible for and how to eradicate them.

Dr. Howard urged the importance of congressional legislation to protect the United States from the introduction of foreign insect and parasite pests entering with imported plant and nursery stock.

JEFF DAVIS ON HOT COALS

Department of Justice Takes Notice of Admissions.

Washington, March 4.—The department of justice has taken official cognizance of the admission of Senator Jeff Davis, of Arkansas, that he is pending before congress, financially interested in legislation

Attorney General Wickersham said yesterday that the statements of the Arkansas senator and the laws which may apply to his actions as an attorney and senator were being examined in the department of justice. The attorney general said he had read the newspaper accounts of Senator Davis' admissions but that he had formed no opinion.

Mr. Davis testified before a house committee, urging the passage of an act which would clear the title of some Arkansas swamp lands in which clients of his had an interest or expected to acquire one. He stated that the clearance of the titles would give him a fee which he had expected as attorney in the case.

Men and Crops Grow Rich Along the Gulf Coast of Texas

The Gulf Coast of Texas—where men and crops are rich. There are enough men and farms already there to prove it—men from every part of America, out of every rank in life—not only farmers from other sections, but lawyers and doctors and clerks and merchants —who have changed their locations and changed their luck. You can do what they have done.

Men Like You Already Have Won

A CROP OF ONIONS ON THE GULF COAST
Raised on ground that used to be ridiculed. Now men who live there enjoy health and wealth as common assets

The only thing that can hold these wonderful lands from making a profit for you is outright laziness and neglect. If you want to improve your income and improve your health and improve your outlook, it's surely worth the effort of one letter of inquiry about the possibilities and the cost of land and the openings for new business in the recently opened richest section as yet developed on the continent.

Don't Go if You're Lazy

Give me some idea of your present prospects and employment, and learn of men who were in your exact position only a few years ago, and who with the same experience as that which you now possess have made good and have made good money on Gulf Coast land.

Learn How Others Did It

The best way to the Gulf Coast and other points in the Great Southwest is by Frisco Lines. Low rate success seekers' excursions first and third Tuesdays of each month. Write me today and I will send you full information about this wonder country, about the crops you can raise, the profits you can make and about people already there who live in homes of their own.

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HE EXPECTS JAP WAR

Jacob Schiff Sees Great Danger in Asiatic Situation.

New York, March 7.—Predictions of war with the yellow races, particularly Japan, and strife among the white and negro laborers in the south were made in no uncertain language by Judge Mayer Sulzberger, of Philadelphia; Jacob H. Schiff and Professor W. E. B. DuBois, of Atlanta university, at the luncheon of the Republican club. They were the outcome of a discussion on "Race Prejudice," begun by Judge Sulzberger and seconded by Professor DuBois.

"The Pacific is now the commercial center of the world," said Judge Sulzberger, after a lengthy description of what modern race prejudice is. "An empire where 400,000,000 people exist is governed by no mean statesmanship. Can they teach us or can we teach them? This question will precipitate the trouble; is doing it now.

"The imminent question is Japan. She is a great power; she has been imitating us and her imitation is good. She wants everything, but she is not allowed to get everything. The controversy over this question of dominance is coming, and soon, before the people of this country."

Supporting Judge Sulzberger with one exception, Mr. Schiff addressed the assemblage. He said:

"In his earlier remarks the preceding speaker has made plain why we should do all we can toward the eradication of race prejudice, as applied at home and abroad.

"The most difficult problem the nation has to deal with is the Far East problem. I am sorry to have to say it, but we are in danger of war over this same question. As a friend of Japan, one who helped to finance its late war, I regret this inevitable conclusion.

"During the last few weeks a test has been made in the direction of finding out the attitude of the nation toward us. This test, I must say to my personal mortification, developed the fact that Japan has joined hands with the enemy of all mankind. Russia and Japan have evidently one purpose, at present, at least—and that is to keep China as a lesser state."

Professor DuBois asserted that a conflict between the white and the negro laborers in the south was inevitable, unless political conditions were altered.

BELL TELEPHONE BUYS

Takes Over 82,000 Shares of Postal Stock.

Boston, March 4.—The purchase by the American Telephone company of the 82,000 shares of its stock, recently sold by the Mackay companies, was announced here today by President Theodore M. Vail. President Vail says that the stock was secured at a price representing a cash overturn of between $11,000,000 and $12,000,000.

CAN'T HIDE THE FACTS

Record of Jeff Davis Must Stand.

Washington, March 3.—Senator Jeff Davis, of Arkansas, has failed in an effort to have stricken from the records of the house committee on public lands a statement which he made before the committee several days ago, when he appeared there in advocacy of a bill introduced by Representative Oldfield, of Arkansas, quieting title to about 100,000 acres of swamp lands in the eastern part of Arkansas, known as "skunk lands."

Senator Davis' statement was to the effect that he was to receive a fee for his services as attorney for the Francis Levee board in litigation in connection with the lands. The lands in dispute are claimed in part by the United States, the Francis Levee board, and private individuals.

It had been admitted by Senator Davis that he was the attorney for the St. Francis Levee board of the state of Arkansas, which claimed title to the lands, under a state grant and for which board he brought suit against a number of persons who had cut timber on the lands.

In his first appearance before the committee, the records showed that Senator Davis made the following statement.

"We could not prove our title. I confess that there is just that much of selfishness in it to me, because there is a good fee if I can recover the price of that timber. I do not care who it goes to, whether it goes to the state of Arkansas or the St. Francis Levee board, but I would rather it should go to the St. Francis Levee board, because that is just and right."

In correcting his testimony, Senator Davis struck out the words "because there is a good fee if I can recover the price of that timber," and substituting for them the following: "Because I am the attorney for the St. Francis Levee board for the recovery of this timber."

TAFT WANTS CANNON TO QUIT

Massachusetts Insurgent So Tells Constituents.

Beverly, Mass., March 3.—"That Speaker Cannon would retire, I believe to be, the uppermost wish of the President," Representative Augustus P. Gardner, one of the leaders of the insurgents in congress, told 200 of his constituents at a dinner of the Beverly Republican club last night.

"Mr. Cannon has reached an age where his mind is not adapted to viewing correctly present day conditions," said Mr. Gardner. "If a split in the party is to be avoided, the speaker must retire. When this takes place the rules will be changed so as to prevent the present misuse of the speaker's power."

Mr. Gardner absolved the Payne tariff from responsibility for the high cost of living.

MUST SHOW PROOFS

Peary Gets an Ultimatum From Committee on Naval Affairs.

Washington, March 5.—Demands for proofs of Commander Peary's discovery of the North Pole caused a row in the subcommittee of the house committee on naval affairs yesterday.

Two members of the National Geographic society appeared before the committee with copies of Mr. Peary's proofs to urge the granting of a suitable reward by congress to the noted explorer, but the committee declined to receive them in confidence, with the ultimate result that the committee has made it known that unless the Peary proofs are forthcoming to the full satisfaction of the committee, every bill introduced for the purpose of rewarding the North Pole discoverer will be pigeonholed.

Three members of the committee were in favor of receiving the Peary proofs without making them public. Representative Macon hotly objected, and after declaring his position, stalked angrily from the room.

Wants Publicity.

"I am against legislation in the dark," Mr. Macon sharply told the committee. "Furthermore, if this committee decides in favor of Peary without inspecting the full records and making them public, I will expose the whole business on the floor of the house or in a statement to the press. If we reward Mr. Peary, the American people have a right to know what we are rewarding him for."

Professor Gannett, of the coast and geodetic survey, and one of the members of the National Geographic society, which accepted Peary's proofs, told the committee that Mr. Peary would not let the committee have the proofs for public purposes, because he wanted them for use in newspaper and magazine articles.

The professor had with him a copy of the proofs, but he declined to submit them. He told the committee that he hadn't the slightest doubt but that Peary discovered the pole, and never had any, even before he saw the proofs. He submitted to lengthy questioning and answered many interrogations about the Peary dash for the pole.

Tells of Observations.

He told of the tidal observations which Commander Peary had taken and sent back to the department from time to time, which, he said were of great value. These filled 21 volumes, he said. Prof. Gannett told of the soundings Mr. Peary took in the vicinity of the pole and of the explorer having gone a distance of ten miles past the pole in order to make sure that he was at the extreme top of the earth.

Prof. Gannett said the committee had examined Mr. Peary's instruments. Asked what they could tell from an examination of such instruments, the witness said nothing could be told from them. They only showed, he said, that Mr. Peary had the instruments.

It was further stated that any scientist who knew his business could remain in Washington and fix up astronomical observations and instrument records such as a man might make at the pole. These could not be told from the genuine, it was acknowledged.

Representative Alexander, of New York, was present as the personal representative of Mr. Peary, and told the committee that the latter would be glad to have the committee examine the records, but he would have to see Mr. Peary again and learn whether he would consent to have them published.

The committee will take up the subject again next Tuesday and, if Mr. Peary's proofs are submitted, it is intended to have scientists there to examine them on behalf of the committee.

FLOOD FORMS INLAND SEA

Lowlands Between Seattle and Tacoma Submerged.

Seattle, Wash., March 4.—Most of the rivers of western Washington overflowed yesterday and continued to rise last night as the mountain snow was melted. All lowlands between Seattle and Tacoma are submerged, forming an inland sea, in which the banks of the White, the Black and the Duwamish rivers are lost. Many farmers have moved to the upper stories of their houses. They travel in boats.

The Northern Pacific railway is having difficulty in keeping its line open on the west slope of the Cascades.

The flood is receding at Colfax, Wash., leaving several feet of mud in the streets. Foundations of many buildings are undermined and several are caved in. Fresh water is supplied by water carts.

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Most convenient hotel to all Subways and Depots. Rooms $1.50 per day and upwards with use of baths. Rooms $2.50 per day and upwards, with private bath. Best Restaurant in New York City with Club Breakfast and the world famous

"CAFE ELYSEE"

NEW YORK

PLAN TO AID HUMANITY

Conceives Great System for Distribution of Immense Fortune.

Washington, March 3.—John D. Rockefeller, Jr., will probably become the active head of the new Rockefeller Foundation and devote his entire time to the philanthropic work undertaken by his father. To this end young Mr. Rockefeller resigned as a director of the Standard Oil company on January 11. Mr. Rockefeller this week severed his connection with the United States Steel Corporation and plans to retire from all active business relations that he may be unhampered in the direction of the Rockefeller Foundation. The control and direction of the vast sums of the Rockefeller Foundation involves a task which will require the undivided energies of young Mr. Rockefeller for years to come.

Mr. Rockefeller plans the greatest philanthropic institution the world has ever known. All nations are included in its scope. To enable Mr. Rockefeller to realize this, Senator Gallinger yesterday introduced a bill providing for the incorporation in the District of Columbia of the Rockefeller Foundation.

The main purpose of the Rockefeller plan is set forth in section 3 of the Gallinger bill. This reads:

"The object of the corporation shall be to promote the wellbeing and to advance the civilization of the people of the United States and its territories and possessions and of foreign lands in the acquisition and dissemination of knowledge; in the prevention and relief of suffering, and the promotion of any and all of the elements of human progress."

Mr. Rockefeller will doubtless have the novel sensation of seeing a bill in which he is vitally interested pass both branches of congress and be made a law by the President. There probably will be no question in the senate. Senator Money, leader of the minority, was ill last night, but his friends say he will not oppose the measure.

OIL KING'S BENEFACTIONS NOW TOTAL $131,000,000

New York, March 3.—Star J. Murphy one of the incorporators named in the Gallinger bill to establish the Rockefeller foundation, said yesterday that he did not yet know what endowment the foundation would have.

"The bill introduced at Washington," said Mr. Murphy, "is intended to broaden the scope of Mr. Rockefeller's philanthropies, and is almost identical in form with the act of congress of 1903, under which the Rockefeller educational fund was authorized. The new bill makes it possible for Mr. Rockefeller to go into any form of philanthropy in the world, whereas the first endowment was specifically limited. The fact that the incorporators in both instances are almost identical simply means that Mr. Rockefeller believes their experience will be of benefit in future work."

Estimates of Mr. Rockefeller's past benefactions and present fortune vary largely. It is conceded that in charity he has but one leader—Andrew Carnegie—and the best opinion is that Mr. Rockefeller has given away something approaching $131,000,000 as against $162,000,000 for Mr. Carnegie. The leading Rockefeller gifts have been:

General Education Board	$53,000,000
University of Chicago	25,000,000
Rush Medical College	6,000,000
Institute of Medical Research	4,800,000
Churches (known)	3,100,000

How much Mr. Rockefeller has left is even harder to guess than how much he has given away. In 1907, Frederick T. Gates, one of Mr. Rockefeller's agents in charity, said:

"Mr. Rockefeller himself has authorized the statement that his fortune cannot exceed $200,000,000 and that in his most prosperous year his income was not above $20,000,000. His holdings of Standard Oil stock are not above 20 per cent of the total issue outstanding."

On the other hand, the late H. H. Rogers is quoted as having said in 1906:

"I know for a fact that Mr. Rockefeller's income will exceed $60,000,000 next year." The late Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, estimated the Rockefeller fortune at $1,000,000,000.

WOULD CONTROL FINANCE

Aldrich Hopes United States Will Be Financial Hub.

Providence, R. I., March 5.—"I hope to live to see New York, Boston or Philadelphia the financial center of the world," said Senator Nelson W. Aldrich, chairman of the national monetary commission, to an audience of bankers and professional men, representing an aggregate wealth of $200,000,000. He was addressing the Economic club on the work of the commission.

"From Mexico to Cape Horn," he said, "there are great nations that ought to be allied to us. You cannot imagine the possibilities of trade in the Orient and in reawakened China. But we can never trade successfully with them until the United States, by virtue of its great resources, becomes the financial center of the world."

Senator Aldrich in his speech let it be inferred that he strongly favored a central bank. He predicted that a settlement of the question of a financial system for this country at large would be a compromise between the advocates of the various plans. "The worst blow to the prestige of the United States would come if we admitted that we could not settle this question without the influence of politics," he added.

RED CHIEF BLOWS OUT GAS

Dies on Visit to "Great Father" in Washington.

Washington, March 5.—One of the most picturesque chieftains of the Indian race and his nephew, both members of the Chippewa tribe in Minnesota, were found dead in a hotel yesterday, the victims of asphyxiation.

The dead chief was Pay-baum-weche-walsh-kung, more than 95 years old, and his unfortunate companion was Ahne-way-way-aush. Accustomed to the light from the camp-fires of their primitive life and later to that from the candle and the lamp, it is believed one of the red men blew out the gas which ended their existence.

This was the second visit of the chief to the capital of the "great father," his first journey to Washington being nearly 44 years ago, when he came as one of the signers of the treaty of 1866 between the United States and the Chippewas.

Trial Bottle Free by Mail

FITS

If you suffer from Epilepsy, Fits, Failing Sickness, Spasms, or have children that do so, my New Discovery will relieve them, and all you are asked to do is to send for a Free Trial $2 Bottle of Dr. May's

EPILEPTIC CURE

It has cured thousands where everything else failed. Guaranteed by May Medical Laboratory under Pure Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Guaranty No. 18971. Please write for Special Free $2 Bottle and give Age and complete address.

DR. W. H. MAY, 548 Pearl Street, New York

$20.00 Up. Catalogue FREE.

$45.00

$20.00 Up. Cash or Credit.

AGENTS WANTED

We want men who are not actively engaged in business to act as our agents. We pay liberal cash commissions. Write for our catalogue and full particulars.

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Buggies
Only $10. Cash.
Balance $5 a month. Warranted for 3 years.

Surreys
Only $25. Cash.
Balance $7 a month. Warranted for 3 years.

Farm Wagons
Only $15. Cash.
Balance $5 a month. Warranted for 3 years.

We trust honest people located in all parts of the world. Cash or easy monthly payments. Write for our free catalogue.

CENTURY MFG. CO.,
Dept. 744 East St. Louis, Ills.

How To Get Fat Free

Don't Be "All Skin and Bone" When You Can Speedily Become Plump and Attractive.

50c Box of New Discovery Mailed Free

"Gee! Look at that pair of skinny scarecrows! Why don't they try Sargol?"

This should attract the eyes of every skinny, scrawny, cadaverous man or woman who reads this paper. The missing link between food eating and fat making has at last been discovered.

The principle which turns food into solid flesh has been located, analyzed and reproduced in tablet form for all to take.

The chronically thin are generally hearty eaters. Many a man with a big bay window eats less than some withered up shrimp with hips like two clam shells nailed to a board.

Eating will not produce fat unless the food be assimilated.

Assimilated is the word.

Plump, well-nourished men and women assimilate their food. Skinny people do not.

That is all there is to it.

Give a thin, scrawny woman the power to assimilate her food properly and in a fortnight she may develop a rounded figure which will be the admiration of passersby. Let any fat and sassy happy-go-lucky business man lose this power to properly assimilate his food and in a jiffy his clothes will hang in festoons upon his emaciated frame.

During the past ten or twelve months some very convincing tests have been made with a new treatment. It seems to contain what might be called the active principle of assimilation. Its record as a fat and tissue builder has been so remarkable that arrangements are now being made with leading papers whereby all readers can have an opportunity to test this new discovery free of charge.

The name Sargol has been given to this new preparation. By using it you may quickly become plump, strong and hearty. The food you eat will be turned into firm, healthy tissue, red blood, bone and muscle, and will not pass unassimilated from the system—as formerly.

Take Sargol and you can eat anything and everything in reason, you will be free from fits of the blues, can hold up your head and meet the world with a smiling face.

No one knows the mortification that thin persons suffer but they themselves. Thin folks get the sneers and rebuffs. Scrawny men never look like real money and they are crowded aside in the race for success. Thin women are pushed up against the wall and left there. It is seldom that a skinny woman is very popular.

By special arrangement, all readers who are lacking in bodily development and symmetry can make a test of Sargol, free of charge. All you need to do is to cut out the coupon below and send it today with your name and address to the Sargol Co., 336-R Herald building. Full directions will be sent with the free treatment. You will be shown clearly why it is that you have remained thin and what to do to put on more flesh.

COUPON.

This certificate and 10 cents to help defray distribution expenses entitles the holder to one 50-cent package of Sargol tablets, the home treatment which makes thin folks plump and attractive.

Issued for account of Toledo Weekly Blade.

GOOD FOR TEN DAYS.

The Sargol Co., 336-R Herald Building, Binghamton, N. Y.

RATEKIN'S 100 BU. OATS

Ratekin's Big Banner 100 Bushel White Oats—The biggest, prettiest, plumpest oat in existence. Side by side with common sorts they yield 100 bushels per acre where other sorts make but 25 to 35 bushels. Strong stiff straw; spangled heads; ripens early; never rusts, blights or lodges. **There is none like them,** and when our stock is exhausted there is no more to be had. **Samples Mailed Free.** Also our Big Illustrated Catalog of farm, field, grass and garden seeds. A postal card will bring them to your door. Address, **RATEKIN'S SEED HOUSE, Shenandoah, Iowa.**

Before you buy a vehicle of any kind send for this book Get this Big "1910" Style Book of VEHICLES and HARNESS. It is the largest, most complete vehicle and harness catalog published. 192 pages, 345 illustrations. Murray sells direct. Sold on trial. Safe delivery insured. You can't afford to buy till you know the Guaranteed two (2) years. wonderful values we offer. This catalog is Free. We pay postage.

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Earn the Biggest Salaries of any class of men in the world. Over 600,000 employed in the United States and Canada. The demand for good Salesmen exceeds the supply. We will teach you to be one by mail and assist you to secure a good position through our **FREE EMPLOYMENT BUREAU.** We receive calls for thousands of Salesmen and have assisted thousands of men to secure good positions or better salaries. A great many of our graduates who formerly earned $15 to $25 a month, have since earned from $100 to as high as $1,000 a month and expenses. Thousands of good positions now open. If you want to secure one of them or increase your earnings our **Free Book "A Knight of The Grip"** will show you how. Write or call for it today. Address nearest office.

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25 Beautiful Easter Cards 10c
Fancy Gold or Silver with Colors

The prettiest, daintiest, most charming cards you ever saw. Rabbits, Eggs, Pretty Children, Flowers, Angels, etc. Every card handsomely colored with beautiful fancy Gold or Silver background—Rings, Bells, Eggs, 10 in all. **J. D. WENDELL, 81 So. Clinton St., CHICAGO.**

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$1200 year and upwards can be made taking our Veterinary Course at home during spare hours. Taught in simplest English. Diploma granted, positions obtained for successful students; cost within reach of all; satisfaction guaranteed; particulars free. **ONTARIO VETERINARY CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL, Dept. 10, London, Canada.**

GOLD WEDDING RING FREE
Send for 10 packages of our beautiful silk and gold embossed post cards to distribute at 10c each. Return us the $1 when collected and we will send you by return mail this very fine 14K gold filled heavy band ring or the cheap kind. Address, **E.E. Monroe, 105 Household Bldg., Topeka, Kan.**

DEER FARMING SUGGESTED

Dr. Merriam Says It Would Solve Meat Problem.

Washington, March 5.—"The high cost of meat problem will solve itself and the price will be reduced two-thirds if the people will raise deer on the farm and are permitted to kill them," declared Dr. C. Hart Merriam, chief of the biological survey, before a house committee. Yesterday he said that deer farming could be carried on profitably in part of the United States.

Dr. Merriam also told the committee of the slaughter of wolves, prairie dogs, gophers, rats and ground squirrels in California. The latter, Dr. Merriam said, were infested with bubonic plague germs, and the department was doing everything possible to exterminate them.

He said wolves were increasing in numbers in this country and that their annual depredations on cattle in the north and northwest amounted to $13,000,000.

POOR CARUSO IS THREATENED

Friends Can't Convince Him Black Hand Letter Is Joke.

New York, March 5.—Enrico Caruso, the tenor, is quaking with something worse than stage fright. The Black Hand has demanded $15,000 or his life, in two successive letters.

There is some disposition among his friends to regard the letters as an ill-judged practical joke, but Caruso is convinced that his days are numbered and will not venture out of his room without a bodyguard.

The first letter instructed Caruso to put the money in his pocket, stroll along Broadway and give it to the first man who asked him for a letter.

Caruso took the walk, with two detectives behind him. Evidently the writer followed his movements, for yesterday came a second letter saying:

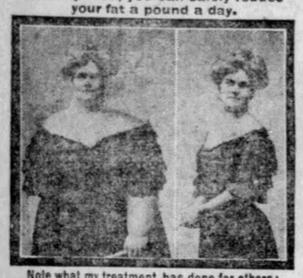
"When you went out yesterday you had two policemen with you. Do not try to fool us again. We mean business."

Instructions followed to leave the money this time in a bag, at a named spot in Brooklyn, and concluded with threats to "get" Caruso on the street or the stage.

Fat is Dangerous

It is unsightly, uncomfortable, spoils the figure, causing wrinkles, flabbiness and loss of vigor.

Let me send you my Proof Treatment absolutely Free; you can safely reduce your fat a pound a day.



Note what my treatment has done for others:

Mrs. Eva M. Reynolds, Box 114, Lehigh, Webster Co., Iowa, writes: "When I commenced your treatment I weighed 265 pounds. I now weigh 165 pounds, and never felt better in my life."

Mrs. W. B. Smith, Box 84, Abbott, Mo., writes: "I have lost 51 POUNDS by your treatment. I used to have heart trouble and shortness of breath; now I am well and can walk and work with ease."

Miss Bida Wilson, Box 78, Franklin, Tenn., writes: "I have lost 60 POUNDS by your treatment and I feel like a new person."

I could fill every page of this journal with testimonials from grateful patients.

It is dangerous, unsightly, uncomfortable and embarassing to be too fat. Excess fat weakens the heart. The liver, lungs, stomach and kidneys become diseased, the breathing becomes difficult and the end comes in HEART FAILURE and sudden death. You can save yourself from these DANGERS.

I want to prove to you that my treatment will positively reduce you to normal and no matter where the fat is located, stomach, bust, hips, cheeks, neck, it will quickly and safely be reduced without exercising or dieting. Your figure will be beautified; flabbiness and wrinkles disappear. Rheumatism, asthma, shortness of breath, kidney and heart troubles leave as the fat goes away. I will send you without a cent of expense on your part, my PROOF TREATMENT FREE. It reduces fat at the rate of a pound a day and does it safely and permanently.

FREE

Don't miss this offer. My PROOF TREATMENT is FREE. It will make you feel better at once. I will also send you Free my new book of advice, together with testimonials from many well known people. Write to-day.

H. C. BRADFORD, M.D., 20 E. 22d St. S. F., New York
(Licensed physician by the State of New York.)

I Treat Catarrh FREE

For fifteen days. If you do not wish to continue, costs you nothing. I am curing Catarrh, Deafness, Head Noises, and Throat troubles, with a remarkable new treatment. I want to send a course of my treatment with two instruments, to every sufferer, by mail, all charges prepaid, to try 15 days.

←This is the free trial treatment.

Send no money. Write for my free trial treatment today, giving full description of your case.

Dr. W. O. Coffee, Dept. 488 Des Moines, Ia.

BOYCOTT TRIED IN CAR STRIKE

Philadelphia, March 8.—Boycott against all mercantile establishments friendly to the Philadelphia Rapid Transit company was inaugurated yesterday by the striking employes.

Labor leaders say that by depriving these merchants of $1,000,000 trade a day they can force other business interests to take their side of the fight. Saloonkeepers are complaining that their bars are banned because they have sold beer to the loyal members of the P. R. T. Storekeepers in Kensington, Germantown, Frankford and other centers of the strike have been hurt sorely. Their business has fallen off markedly. Every kind of mercantile institution has been affected by the boycott even in its early stage.

All Philadelphia hopes that the citywide movement begun yesterday by the United Business Men's association to bring to a quick end the great labor conflict will meet with more success than the effort made last week by the same body of men. This organization asked the Philadelphia Rapid Transit company and Mayor Reyburn to arbitrate the differences, but was given no satisfaction. Now this association, which includes practically every business man of standing in Philadelphia, will enlarge its movement by taking in other organizations that stand for the progress of Philadelphia, and will make a united attack on the warring element in the interest of peace and the general welfare of the city.

Business, especially in the central part of the city, has suffered to an extent not known in years, and it is feared that the heavy spring and Easter trade will be seriously disturbed.

Make Your Own Lager Beer

24 Full Pint Bottles Free.

Make Your Own Lager Beer In Your Own Home At Less Than Seven Cents Per Gallon.

You can brew the beer either in kegs or bottles and in 15 minutes you can make enough to last you for weeks. This is a real genuine hop and malt beer, wholesome, nourishing, appetizing and pure. You can make it just as good as St. Louis and Milwaukee beer, no experience is necessary. I have thousands of letters from satisfied customers. "San Marcos, Texas, R. F. D. No. 3, box 35. Mr. Henning Wennersten, Dear Sir:—Enclosed please find $5.00 for one dozen cans of Braumeister Beer Extract. We cannot too highly recommend this fine beer. It tastes excellent and should be used by every one. It is so easy to make that anyone can make it and it takes no time to do so. It is far better beer for family use than any bottle or saloon beer and so inexpensive that all economical families should use it." Yours respectfully, Mrs. Albert Runge."

Fill out the following coupon today, enclosing 20 cents in stamps or silver to help the cost of packing and postage. I will send you a sample can free, enough to make 24 full pint bottles. I will also tell you just how to make it. Your money back if you are not satised.

FREE SAMPLE COUPON.

This entitles you to a free trial can of Braumeister Beer Extract, enough to make 24 pints, also free instructions how to make it. Simply fill out your name and address on blank lines below, mail to Henning Wennersten, Brewmaster, 261 Wennersten Block, Chicago, Ill., enclosing 20 cents in stamps or silver to help cost of packing and postage. Your money back if not satisfied.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

PLATT, IN DEATH, SCORES HARRISON

Washington, March 8.—Thomas C. Platt left to the world a startling political story, made public today. He declares Benjamin Harrison obtained the Republican nomination for the presidency in 1888 by a pledge which he failed to keep. He declares Harrison promised him the position of secretary of the treasury in return for the vote of the New York delegation. He declares he delivered the votes, but Harrison did not fulfill his pledge. He then adds the charge that Harrison promised the land-grant railroads the right to name his secretary of the interior in return for liberal campaign contributions. He does not state whether the secretary appointed was the railroads' choice or not.

This remarkable story is made public by William E. Curtis, of the Chicago Record-Herald. Mr. Curtis states that several years ago Mr. Platt wrote or dictated a document which he gave to Mr. Curtis with the injunction that it was not to be opened until his death. This document Mr. Curtis did not read until Monday, when he learned of Mr. Platt's death. The story as told by Mr. Platt follows:

The Offer to Platt.

"The New York delegation went to the convention of '88 supporting one of their own number, Mr. Depew, for the presidential nomination. They voted for him continually during the first week, but when Sunday came they decided that he could not succeed and held a meeting to discuss their future action. There were Blaine men and Harrison and Sherman men in the delegation and friends of other candidates, those who favored Harrison and Sherman being in the majority and about evenly divided.

"Stephen B. Elkins, who had paid a hurried visit to Indianapolis a few days before, returned with an undelivered letter in his pocket. It was signed 'Benjamin Harrison' and was addressed to 'Thomas C. Platt.' It was brief, but sufficient, and the writer informed Mr. Platt that Mr. Elkins was authorized to speak for him and that any arrangements that the two gentlemen might make would be ratified.

"A memorable conference took place in Mr. Platt's rooms at the Grand Pacific hotel, at which Mr. Elkins stated that he was authorized to say that if the New York delegation would give General Harrison their support the latter would appoint Mr. Platt secretary of the treasury in case of his election and allow him to control federal patronage in the state of New York. The pledge was not made in those exact words, of course, but that was what it meant, and everyone present so understood it.

"The New York delegation were informed of this proposition at their meeting Sunday afternoon, and, accepting it in good faith, decided to cast a solid vote for General Harrison for a certain number of ballots, and then, if it appeared that he could not be nominated, to throw their support to Mr. Sherman. As all the world knows, this movement on the part of New York brought re-enforcements from other states and General Harrison was nominated.

Borrowed Money Himself.

"Mr. Platt went into the campaign with his usual energy, devoting his attention chiefly to the state of New York, but answering frequent calls for advice and assistance from the national committee. A few days before the election, Mr. Quay, who was chairman of the committee, came to Mr. Platt's office with a long face. He said he was utterly discouraged; that the demands made upon him for money were tremendous; that the treasury was empty; that he had exhausted every source from which he could hope to secure funds, and that unless some one came to their relief the committee might as well give up and close their headquarters. Mr. Platt replied that he felt equally discouraged, that he had tried everywhere to get money to pay the expenses of the state campaign and had never known it so difficult to raise funds, but he agreed to try still further. He called upon every man in New York he thought would contribute, but was able to collect only a few thousand dollars. Mr. Quay came to him again and told him that unless he had money immediately the election was lost.

"How much do you want?" asked Mr. Platt.

"'One hundred and fifty thousand dollars at least. We must have that amount or close the headquarters,' replied Mr. Quay.

"Mr. Platt is not a rich man, but his credit is good, and he went out and borrowed $150,000 upon his own personal note and turned the money over to the treasurer of the national committee. Mr. Quay has frequently asserted that that money elected President Harrison.

"Several weeks after the election there appeared in the newspapers certain reports from Indiana that caused Mr. Platt and his friends considerable surprise, and they were confirmed by private advices. So Senator Hiscock, who had been one of the delegates-at-large to the Chicago convention and was familiar with the terms of the arrangement made by Mr. Elkins, went to Indianapolis, and in the name of the Republicans of New York, formally asked the appointment of Mr. Platt as secretary of the treasury.

Refused to Appoint.

"To the astonishment of Senator Hiscock the President-elect said he could not offer Mr. Platt a seat in his cabinet, and when pressed for his reasons declined to give them. Senator Hiscock then referred to the pledge made by Mr. Elkins at Chicago, and said that was the inducement which led the New York delegation to give General Harrison their support. The President-elect admitted that he had authorized Mr. Elkins to say that New York should be recognized in the formation of the cabinet and that Mr. Platt would be consulted in the distribution of federal patronage in his state, but said Mr. Elkins had positively informed him that Mr. Platt desired nothing for himself; that he had no personal ambition and that his circumstances would not allow him to accept a cabinet appointment.

"Mr. Hiscock replied that on the contrary Mr. Platt had been arranging his private affairs with the distinct understanding that he was to be a member of the cabinet and that such an expectation was general among the working Republicans of the state. They had voted for General Harrison's nomination and had contributed their money, time and talents for his election with that understanding and would be greatly disappointed if the agreement was not carried out. General Harrison was inexorable. He said he intended to invite a New York man into the cabinet and he would be glad to confer with Mr. Platt about the selection, but it was impossible for him to offer the treasury portfolio or any other to that gentleman.

"There was no further communication upon the subject until General Harrison came to Washington shortly before his inauguration, when former Speaker J. Sloat Fassett of the New York legislature called on him at the Arlington Hotel to see if the decision given Mr. Hiscock had been reconsidered. Mr. Fassett had a pleasant talk with the President-elect and repeated to him in detail what had transpired at the Chicago convention between Mr. Elkins and the members of the New York delegation. The president-elect regretted there had been a misunderstanding, which he was not responsible for, but it was impossible for him to offer Mr. Platt a cabinet position. At the same time he would like to have the New York Republicans furnish him a list of gentlemen competent to perform the duties of the Secretary of the Navy. Mr. Fassett replied that the New York Republicans asked the appointment of Mr. Platt as Secretary of the Treasury and had no other candidate for the cabinet.

"Later in the day the President-elect sent for Mr. Fassett and explained that General B. F. Tracy, of Brooklyn, and General Seward, of Auburn, were being considered for the navy department, and that he would like to know which would be the most agreeable to Mr. Platt. The reply came very promptly that Mr. Tracy was preferred, as Brooklyn had sent 33 Republicans regularly to Republican conventions and never had been recognized in any way. General Tracy was then sent for and informed that he had been selected for the navy department. He declined for the reason that he had no knowledge of naval affairs and did not feel competent to perform the duties of the office. He wanted to be attorney general, but that position had already been offered to and accepted by the President's law partner, and General Tracy finally consented to take the position which he filled so acceptably for four years.

Senator Brice's Bombshell.

"Shortly after the inauguration the Republican newspapers, which were most friendly to the President for some reason or another, commenced an active war upon Mr. Platt and accused him of nearly every crime in the calendar. Chief among them was the Mail and Express, of which the late Elliot F. Shepard was editor. The latter was devoting several columns a day to praise of President Harrison, Postmaster General Wanamaker and other members of the cabinet, and the remainder of his pages to the abuse of Mr. Platt. One day when Senator Calvin S. Brice, of Ohio, was sitting idly in his New York office, Mr. Shepard appeared and asked him if he had ever heard a story that had appeared in some of the Democratic newspapers shortly before the election to the effect that an attempt had been made to sell a position in President Harrison's cabinet for campaign funds.

"'Yes,' replied Brice, 'I heard a great deal about it.'

"'Would you mind telling me what you know in the strictest confidence?' asked Colonel Shepard.

"'No, sir. I will tell you nothing in the strictest confidence. I am not the custodian of the secrets of the Republican party and you are at liberty to print any information you can get out of me on this or any other subject, now or at any other time.'

"'Well, well, well,' exclaimed Mr. Shepard. 'Would you kindly tell me, then, the circumstances?'

"'As I remember them,' related the senator, 'it was reported to us at the Democratic headquarters that a man of prominence who was very active in raising campaign funds for the Republican committee approached the managers of the land grant railroads with a proposition that if they would contribute a large sum of money President Harrison would allow them to select his secretary of the interior, who would look after the government's interests in their roads.'

"'Do you know this to be true?' inquired Mr. Shepard, drawing up his chair and showing intense interest.

"'I don't know whether it is true or not,' the senator responded. 'I am only telling you what I heard at the time.'

"'Do you believe it to be true?'

"'I decline to express an opinion.'

"'Do you feel at liberty to mention the name of the gentleman, in the strictest confidence, of course?' asked Mr. Shepard, eagerly.

"'I just explained to you that I will not say anything in confidence. I am perfectly willing to give you the name and you can publish it if you like.'

"'Who was it then?'

"'Mr. Wanamaker,' was the reply. "The editor turned pale. There was an expression of mingled horror and amusement upon his face.

"'Mr. Wanamaker!' he gasped, 'Mr. Wanamaker! You must be mistaken, sir. I am sure you are mistaken. It could not have been Mr. Wanamaker. I always supposed it was Mr. Platt,' and seizing his hat he fled from the room."

It is of interest to add to this story told by Platt, that the secretary of interior in President Harrison's cabinet throughout his term was John W. Noble, of Missouri. General Noble was a native of Ohio, had a distinguished Civil War record and became a prominent lawyer in St. Louis.

U. S. LEGATION STONED BY MOB

Bogota, Colombia, March 8.—The American legation here was stoned during a street riot last evening. The members of the legation are safe.

A quarrel between the manager of an American-owned street railway line and a police officer late yesterday was followed by a riot during which a mob attempted to wreck the street cars. The traffic was stopped and the manager placed under arrest.

The rioting continued for some time and reached the block in which the American legation is located. The police gathered in force in the vicinity, but the mob, after wreaking its vengeance on the rolling stock of the company, attacked the United States legation, stoning the building. The members of the legation were protected and though there were further disturbances during the night the authorities this morning appeared to be able to afford protection to the Americans.

Elliott Northcott is the American minister at Bogota and Paxton Hibben is the secretary of the legation. All at the legation were said to be safe today. Mr. Northcott came here last August from West Virginia and was formerly judge of the district court for the southern district of that state.

Receipt That Cures Weak Men -- Free

Send Name and Address Today —You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured many weak and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and surely, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere, who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what, I believe is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3938 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, free of charge.

PEARY WON'T GIVE PROOF TO PUBLIC

Washington, March 8.—Commander Peary has declined to submit to congress the proofs of his discovery of the north pole. He sent in care of Representative Alexander, of New York, a statement written in the third person and addressed to the sub-mittmtee of the house committee on naval affairs, in which he set forth his reasons for refusing to send his data to the committee. The statement follows:

"Commander Peary and his friends say that contracts signed months ago with his publishers render it impossible to make his records and scientific data public now. It would not only subject Peary to heavy damages—a loss which he cannot meet, having just extricated himself from debt incurred in connection with his various expeditions—but it would be breaking faith with his publishers, which he is unwilling to do under any circumstances."

KNOX'S MARRIAGE CONFIRMED

Son of Secretary Really and Truly Wedded.

Burlington, Vt., March 8.—The marriage of Philander C. Knox, Jr., son of the secretary of state, to Miss May Boler, of Providence, was confirmed here today with the filing of the marriage certificate by the Rev. E. G. Guthrie, who performed the ceremony. Mr. Guthrie refused today, as he did last night, to discuss the ceremony, which he performed on Sunday evening.

THE WEEK IN CONGRESS

Tuesday, March 1.—Senate—The senate today passed several bills, including private pensions and providing for new public buildings throughout the country. After a session of two hours the senate adjourned.

House—The postoffice appropriation bill was under consideration for five hours in the house and adjournment was taken.

Wednesday, March 2.—Senate—The senate passed ills authorizing the issuance of $30,000,000 worth of certificates of indebtedness for the completion of irrigation projects already begun and providing for the purchase of $10,000,000 worth of real estate in Washington for the future uses of the government. Senators Heyburn, Bradley and Sutherland spoke on the postal savings bank bill, the two last named favoring the passage of that measure, while Senator Heyburn proposed a substitute for the pending bill.

House—The house voted down a proposition to provide residences in foreign capitals for diplomatic officials. Various bills upon the calendar were considered.

Thursday, March 3.—Senate—The postal savings bank bill was under consideration in the senate today during the entire session. At 5:30 o'clock the senate took a recess until 11:30 tomorrow so as to continue the present legislative day in accordance with the agreement to vote before adjournment. Consideration of the bill to be continued tomorrow.

House—Nearly the entire five hours during which the house was in session was occupied by consideration of the postoffice appropriation bill. The house will be in session tomorrow.

Friday, March 4.—Senate—The entire session of the senate was devoted to a further consideration of the postal savings bank bill. Unable to reach a vote on that measure and in order to comply with a previous agreement to dispose of it before adjournment, the senate at 5 o'clock took a recess.

House—The house had the postoffice appropriation bill before it nearly all day. Adjourned at 5 o'clock.

Saturday, March 5.—Senate—By a narty vote, with the exception that Senator Chamberlain voted with the Republicans in favor of the measure, the senate today passed the administration postal savings bank bill. Amendments were adopted which provide that in time of war or other exigencies involving the credit of the nation, funds in the postal savings banks may be invested in government other than 2 per cent bonds and also that depositors may withdraw their money from these banks upon demand.

House—The house devoted nearly the entire day in considering the postoffice appropriation bill. Slow progress was made upon the measure, many amendments being considered, although none involving any material change was adopted.

Monday, March 7.—Senate—The agricultural appropriation bill was under discussion in the senate during the entire session, during which the forest service came in for some sharp criticism from Senator Heyburn.

House—After passing a number of local bills the house devoted the remainder of the session to considering the postoffice appropriation bill. Just before adjournment Representative Weeks of Massachusetts, in charge of the measure, announced that an amendment by Representative Finley of South Carolina, increasing the appropriation for rural free delivery by an additional $500,000 for that purpose, would be accepted by the postoffice committee.

UNDERTONE IS STRONG

Visible Improvement on the Stock Exchange.

Special Telegram to The Blade.

New York, March 7.—Another week of comparative quiet has passed, during which the tendencies on the Stock exchange were visibly toward improvement, says Henry Clews' Weekly Financial Review. The undertone is stronger, and confidence is rising. At the same time there are enough uncertainties to prevent any premature upward movement. Labor troubles are creating a good deal of uneasiness in corporation circles, especially as the season is approaching when restlessness of this character is usually most active. In a number of cases concessions have been made to employes, but the violence shown in Philadelphia naturally arouses fears of possible disturbances elsewhere.

It is not forgotten also that the Standard Oil and tobacco cases are still before the supreme court, and that a decision may be anticipated at almost any time in the next few months. There is less fear of a drastic opinion than a few months ago, but these two cases are in any event important elements of uncertainty. Some further hesitation has been induced by sensational reports of damage to the winter wheat crop, but as these prove to be much exaggerated they may be dismissed; it is being too soon to form any reliable idea as to the condition of the winter wheat crop.

When it comes to considering the favorable features the balance appears to be largely on the side of the latter. The political skies are brightening, and unreasoning hostility to corporations is slowly abating. Business conditions are generally satisfactory, although there is some slight cessation of activity in certain lines, as is usual at this period of the year before the spring trade sets in. Dry goods buyers are especially conservative for the reason that distributers refuse to stock up freely at present high prices. Both cotton and woolen goods have shown a slight weakening in values, which it need hardly be said is unsettling factory to manufacturers, especially in view of the present small margin between raw materials and finished product and the prospect of labor difficulties. In the iron trade, however, the better trade observed a week ago continues. The railroads are already appearing as more active buyers, and with the disappearance of winter construction work will revive and result in a better demand for all kinds of building materials. There is little doubt that the iron trade has turned the corner and will enjoy several months of continued activity.

In the money market conditions are also satisfactory, and aside from the usual temporary stringency about the first of April the outlook is for continued easy rates until changed conditions assert themselves. The foreign money markets are also easy and in sound condition, all of which will powerfully tend to encourage worldwide recovery. Our foreign trade is still a source of some dissatisfaction because of large imports and small exports, and this situation is not likely to be corrected while the price level in the United States is so much above that abroad. Either foreign prices must rise to a closer parity with ours, or our own prices must recede, which is hardly to be expected until abundance takes the place of scarcity. This condition in our foreign trade suggests the probability of large gold exports during the coming spring, the only check to which will be foreign purchases of American securities. Fortunately, conditions are somewhat favorable in this respect. Money abroad, as just said, is easy notwithstanding this week's loss of gold to the Bank of England, and the disposition toward American securities is distinctly more satisfactory since the January decline. There is a good demand for bonds both at home and abroad, and the improvement in this respect must be accepted as a better indication for stocks. About $50,000,000 new issues have been announced this week and more are pending, including a block of New York city fours.

THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, March 8.—Affairs in the wheat market during the early hours were quiet to a greater or less extent mainly because of the government report scheduled at 1 p. m. Although from ¼c to ½c lower at the outset, prices swung up to a level equal to or slightly higher than the previous close. Cash opened at $1.16, May at $1.17¼ and July at $1.05⅛. Liverpool opened weak, showing the effects of the slump in America. There was nothing in crop or statistical news to change sentiment either way. In the local market arrivals show much better quality and indicate that farmers sold their poor stuff early in the season.

The government report was bullish, indicating reserves of 178,000,000 bushels, which was not as much as some expected, though there are traders who say the ultimate effects will be about neutral. At the receipt of the report, wheat advanced sharply, May especially.

Cash closed 1¼c up at $1.17⅝c, May 1¼c up at $1.18⅜c, July 1⅜c higher at $1.07.

Like wheat, corn opened easy and gained strength early in the first hour. Mary started ¼c lower at 63¾c, July ⅛c down at 65⅞c and September ¼c off at 66c. Gains averaging about ½c were made before 10 a. m. Corn received in Toledo this week shows a much better quality than at any time since the movement of the crop.

The federal report, showing 1,050,865,000 bushels in reserve, was bearish on corn.

Closes were: Cash 62c, May 64½c, July 66⅛c. September 67c.

Oats did not share in the gains of the other cereals. May opened 1⅜c off at 46⅜c, July ¼c down at 44½c and September ⅛c off at 40½c. It is figured by some that cheaper corn will mean a reduced consumption of oats.

Reserves of 363,000,000 bushels are reported the largest in a number of years.

Closing oats prices: Cash 46c, May 47¼c, July 45⅜c, September 40⅜c.

Although cash and March were unchanged at $7.55, April and October were lower. April started 2½c down at $7.25 and October considerably weaker at $6.67½. Receipts today were 480 bags, against 1,050 a year ago. Shipments were 1,070, against 1,355 a year ago.

Cash and March closed 2½c at $7.57½, April 2½c off at $7.25 and October at $6.62½.

TOLEDO.

Wheat—	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Mar.8.	Mar.7.
Cash 1.16	....	....	....	1.17⅜	1.16½
May 1.17¼	....	....	....	1.18⅜	1.17¼
July 1.05⅛	....	....	....	1.07	1.05⅝
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	62	61½
May 63¾	....	....	....	64½	64
July 65⅞	....	....	....	66⅛	66
Sept 66	....	....	....	67	66¼
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	46	46½
May 46⅜	....	....	46⅜	47¼	46½
July 44½	....	....	....	45⅝	44¾
Sept 40½	....	....	....	40⅝	40⅝
Clover Seed—					
Cash 7.55	....	....	7.52½	7.57½	7.55
March 7.55	....	....	....	7.57½	7.55
April 7.25	7.27½	....	....	7.25	7.27½
Oct 6.67½	....	6.60	....	6.62½	6.60
No. 2	....	....	....	7.40	....
No. 3....	....	....	....	7.30	....
Rejected	....	....	....	7.15@7.17½	....
N. E. G.	....	....	....	6.60@7.00	....
Rye—					
No. 2....	....	....	....	80	80
No. 3....	....	....	....	76	76
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	1.90	1.90
March	....	....	....	1.90	1.90
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	7.50	7.50
March	....	....	....	7.50	7.50

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
May 1.10⅜	1.13	1.10¼	1.12¼	1.11¾	
July 1.08⅛	1.05¼	1.03¾	1.05¼	1.03⅝	
Sept 99⅝	1.02½	99⅝	1.01⅝	99⅝	
Corn—					
May 62	64¼	....	62⅝	62	
July 63⅞	65¼	63½	64¼	64	
Sept 64½	66½	64	65¼	64⅝	
Oats—					
May 44	45	43⅝	44¼	44⅝	
July 41¼	42¼	41⅝	42⅝	41¾	
Sept 39⅝	....	....	39½	40¼	39⅞

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
May 1.19⅝	1.20⅜	1.19¼	1.20⅜	1.19⅛	

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
May 1.09⅜	1.11⅛	1.09⅜	1.10⅞	1.09⅞	
July 1.01⅜	....	....	1.03⅜	1.01⅛	

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	1.12⅛	1.11⅜
July	....	....	....	1.12⅜	1.11½

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	....	1.12⅛
July	....	....	....	....	1.12⅛

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
May ...24.77	....	24.75	24.92	24.80	
July ...24.80	....	24.75	24.97	24.82	
Sept	....	....	....	24.90	
Lard—					
May ...13.35	....	....	13.45	13.32	
July ...13.25	....	....	13.32	13.25	
Sept ...13.22	13.37	....	13.35	13.25	
Ribs—					
May ...12.80	13.02	....	13.00	12.85	
July ...12.77	12.95	....	12.92	12.77	
Sept ...12.80	....	....	12.95	12.80	

Toledo Produce Market.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, March 8.—Hog receipts were light and the market was strong to 10c higher, and while no hogs sold above $9.35 it was due to the fact there were no prime heavies, the bulk averaging less than 200 pounds mixed and showing common quality. Prime heavies would have brought $9.45.

Local live stock quotations:

Hogs—Selected heavies, $10.40@10.45; good mediums, $10.40; heavy yorkers, $10.30@10.35; light yorkers $9.85@9.90; good mixed, $10.30@10.40; good pigs, $9.75; bulk of sales, $10.35; stags and roughs, $8.00@9.00.

Cattle—Prime steers, 1,250 lbs. and up, $6.75@7.25; good fat, 1,050 to 1,200 lbs., $6.50@7.00; fair to good, 950 to 1,100 lbs., $5.25@6.00; common and light steers, $4.75@5.25; choice fat cows, $5.00@5.50; fair to good cows, $4.25@5.00; common cows, $3.25@3.75; canners and cutters, $2.00@2.50; prime export bulls, $5.25@5.50; good butcher bulls, $4.75@5.00; fair to good bolognas, $4.00@4.50; common, $3.50@4.00; choice fat heifers, $5.50@6.00; fair to good heifers, $4.75@5.25; common to light heifers, $4.00@4.50; good to choice feeding steers, $5.00@5.40; fair to good feeders, $4.50@4.85; stockers, good to choice, $4.25@4.65; stockers, common to fair, $3.50@4.25; milkers and springers, $25@60.

Sheep and lambs—Prime wethers, $5.50@6.00; good to choice mixed, $4.50@5.50; fair to good, $4.00@4.50; culls and common, $3.50@4.00; yearlings, $5.50@6.50; lambs, fair to good, $7.50@8.00; lambs, top, $8.75; common, light, $6.00@7.00; culls, $6.00@6.00.

Calves—Veal, choice to extra, $9@9.50; fair to good, $8.50@9.00; common to light, $7.00@8.00; heavy and pail fed, $4.00@6.00.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, March 8.—Cattle—Receipts estimated at 5,500, market steady; beeves, $5.10@8.20; Texas steers, $4.70@5.90; western steers, $4.75@6.50; stockers and feeders, $3.40@6.25; cows and heifers, $2.60@6.50; calves, $7.50@9.75. Hogs—Receipts estimated at 16,000, market strong to shade higher; light, $9.75@10.12½; mixed, $9.85@10.20; heavy, $9.85@10.22½; rough, $9.85@9.95; good to choice heavy, $9.95@10.22½; pigs, $9.00@9.75; bulk of sales, $10.05@10.20. Sheep—Receipts estimated at 14,000, market steady; native, $5.00@8.10; western, $5.50@8.10; yearlings, $7.85@8.75; lambs, native, $8.00@9.40; western, $8.00@9.50.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, N. Y., March 8.—(By Swope, Hughes, Waltz & Benstead.)—Cattle, 3 cars, steady; top, 3 cars, strong; heavy, $10.50@10.55; Yorkers, $10.50; tops, $10.60; pigs, 2 cars, strong; best lambs, $9.70; yearlings, $8.75@9.00; wethers, $7.75@8.00; ewes, $7.00@7.50. Calves, $5.00@10.50.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, March 8.—Butter—Steady; creameries, 26@31c; dairies, 21@25c. Eggs—Strong; receipts 5,746 cases at mark, cases included, 21@23c; firsts, 23c; prime firsts, 24c. Cheese—Steady; dalsies, 16½@16¾c; twins, 16@16¼c; young Americas, 16¼@16¾c; long horns, 16½@16¾c. Potatoes—Steady; choice to fancy, 38@40c; fair to good, 25@27c. Poultry—Steady; turkeys, 16½c; chickens, 14½c; springs, 14½c. Veal—Steady; 50 to 60 lb. wts., 8½@9½c; 60 to 80 lb. wts., 9½@10½c; 85 to 110 lb. wts., 10½@11½c.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Pittsburg, Pa., March 8.—Cattle—Steady. Hog receipts, light; 10c higher; heavy and mixed $10.60@10.65; mediums, $10.60; Yorkers, $10.50@10.60; lights, $9.50@10.00; pigs, $9.50@9.75. Sheep—Steady, $8.00 down; top lambs, $9.85. Calves, slow, $9.50.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, March 8.—(By Bower & Bower.)—Hogs—Receipts 15 cars, higher; mediums and Yorkers, $10.40; pigs, $9.50. Lambs, $9.25. Calves, $10.00.

Money and Stocks.

New York, March 8.—(Wall Street.)—Opening dealings in stocks today were very active, but the price changes were narrow and mixed. Some of yesterday's strongest features, amongst them United States Steel, fell back on realizing. New York Central was conspicuous with an opening sale of 3,500 shares at 125 and 124½ compared with 123½ last night. Rock Island preferred rose 1 and Northwestern and Interborough-Metropolitan preferred large fractions.

The uncertain tone at the opening was succeeded by a general decline, the heavy realizing in United States Steel, Reading and Amalgamated Copper having a depressing effect. Reading, Rock Island and Amalgamated Copper were forced a point below yesterday's closing and Bethlehem Steel and Sloss-Sheffield Steel 1¼. United States Steel sold down to 87⅜. Later there was a considerable recovery. New York Central extended its gain to 2¼, Reading and Union Pacific sold nearly a point above yesterday's final prices, and United States Steel made up its loss. The general list, however, showed heaviness in spots. Pacific Mail declined 2 points and Cleveland, C. C. and St. Louis, American Cotton Oil, American Car and American Agricultural Chemical 1.

St. Paul, in which the movement had been narrow for a long time was lifted into prominence, large purchases running it up 2 points. High prices were made for some other of the standard stocks, United States Steel touching 88⅜, Northern Pacific, Northwestern and Pittsburg Coal advanced 1, the preferred 1½, and International pump preferred 2. Realizing sales were renewed and prices fell back.

When prices were bid up, fresh offerings were encountered, and the activity was checked. Bethelem Steel preferred sold at a decline of 4, Sloss-Sheffield 3, and Louisville & Nashville and American Steel Foundries 1. Pacific Mail rose 3, Pacific Coast second preferred 6¾, and Lake Erie and Western, Railway Steel Spring and Allis Chalmers preferred 1. Bonds were steady.

New York Stocks.

New York, March 8, 1910. 2:30

Stocks.	Open.	High.	low.	p. m.
Am. Loco. com	55	55	55	55
Am. Sg. Rfg. Co....	126⅞	128⅞	126⅞	126⅞
Atchison	117⅜	118⅛	117⅜	118⅛
Am. Car & F. Co....	67⅛	68⅞	67⅛	68⅜
Anaconda	51⅝	52	51¼	51⅝
Amal. Copper	83	83½	82¼	82½
Am. Smelters	88¾	88⅝	88	88⅛
Am. Woolen Co	37	37⅞	37	37⅞
Alton com	60	60⅜	60	60⅜
Ailis Chal pfd	44	44	44	44
Am. Ice Sec	28¾	29¼	28¾	28¾
Am. Beet Sugar	40	40¼	39¾	40
Balt. & Ohio	113¼	113⅞	113	113¼
B'lyn R. Trans	76⅝	77⅝	76¼	77¼
Chicago & G. W....	32¼	32¾	32	32¼
Canadian Pacific	180¾	180¾	180¾	180¾
Clover Leaf	46½	46½	46½	46½
Clover Leaf pfd	67½	68⅝	67½	67½
Colorado Fuel	42¾	42⅞	42¼	42⅜
Ches. & Ohio	87	87⅜	86¾	87⅜
Central Leather	44¾	45	44¾	44⅝
Consolidated Gas	148⅝	149¼	147⅞